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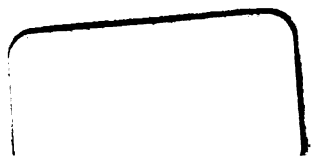
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VIEWS IN SPAIN.

VIEWS IN SPAIN.

BY

Edward Hanke Locker Esq. ^{FRS.}



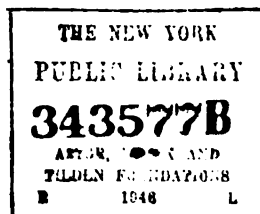
LONDON.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1824.

EXF.

C. Hullmandel's Lithography



TO
THE LORD JOHN RUSSELL,
&c. &c. &c.

MY DEAR LORD,

TEN years ago, when we visited together the scenes which it is the purpose of this work to illustrate, the kingdom of Spain had been recently desolated by a merciless enemy, then retreating before the allied army; and from the spot where we were so hospitably received by its illustrious commander we had the satisfaction of seeing the French forces occupying their last chain of positions in the Pyrenees, and expecting the final attack which shortly after compelled them to retire within their own frontier.

At that time we little anticipated a second attempt on the part of France to oppress that brave and generous people, and least of all under the authority of a Bourbon sovereign. While we witnessed the ruin which they had

suffered from their invaders, we found under many a shattered roof a kind and grateful welcome, which sweetened our hardest fare, and excited that reciprocal feeling of regard which has ripened into an attachment to the whole Spanish nation. We cannot but contemplate the approaching crisis of their liberties with the keenest sympathy.

In reviewing my sketches for publication, I have derived a very sensible pleasure from the recollection of those incidents which associated us in that interesting tour; and I look back with a melancholy pleasure to a remoter period when our acquaintance commenced in the society of our mutual friend, Professor Playfair, whose memory is not more distinguished as a philosopher than for the benevolence of that friendship which your lordship so largely shared.

Believe me,

My dear Lord,

Your most faithful servant,

EDWARD HAWKE LOCKER.

Greenwich Hospital, 1st May, 1823.

J. G. V. B.

P R E F A C E.

AN hereditary regard for Spain, and an early association with some excellent and enlightened natives of that kingdom, had impressed me with a strong partiality towards a country which I eagerly desired to visit. In the autumn of 1813, while serving as Secretary to the Mediterranean fleet, under the command of Lord Viscount Exmouth (to whom for this and other more important instances of kindness I am deeply indebted), I was enabled to indulge my favourite wish of visiting the principal provinces of Spain. At that period the brilliant campaign of the Duke of Wellington had just relieved the Spaniards from the oppression of their invaders; and the presence of the British troops afforded to the traveller a security not before enjoyed. I was

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impatient to avail myself of the opportunity of beholding scenes renowned in Spanish history, nor less so perhaps, those of Spanish romance ; while the more powerful interest arising from the recent exploits of the allied army excited anticipations of delight which were amply realized in the course of the tour.

In laying before the public these representations of the scenery of a Country with which few Englishmen, except those of our army in the Peninsula, are acquainted, I cannot forbear to express my deep regret that a contemptuous feeling towards the Spaniards has now superseded that lively interest which was kindled among us during their late struggles for independence, at the moment when the present Dauphin of France was preparing to lead a powerful army, to Madrid with the avowed object of overturning the Constitutional government, and restoring the unlimited authority of Ferdinand. The state of Spain was then most critical. The King, by a long series of impolitic and oppressive conduct, had driven the leaders of the Cortes to despair. Political clubs (those awful engines of revolution) had

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been formed in the capital with a determination to oppose his despotic system. Men of virtue and talents, misled by visionary theories of policy, associated with others of more dangerous character, to restore the Constitution of 1812. They for a time succeeded ; but, incapable of managing the authority thus usurped, their proceedings betrayed the rashness, the weakness, and the ignorance of their government. The indignities shown to the Royal Family, and the contemptuous treatment of the Clergy, excited the greatest indignation against them. Great as were the political crimes of Ferdinand, who had justly forfeited the love of his subjects, by his faithless and vindictive measures, the conduct of the Constitutionalists had been still more offensive to the people, who showed a disposition to endure far more from a monarch for whom they had no personal esteem, than from the Liberales, who had wantonly trampled on their ancient institutions. When the French army crossed the Pyrenees the apathy of the Spaniards created universal surprise : they made scarce a movement to resist them ; for the people were disgusted

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with a set of rulers who threatened them with a power as arbitrary as that of the King, whose errors they were disposed to forget amidst his misfortunes ; and much as they had formerly suffered from the French, they viewed them, on this occasion, as the restorers of order and tranquillity.

Disappointed in our expectation that the Spaniards were then on the eve of emerging from their long political degradation, and were preparing to take that station in the scale of nations which they had maintained during a more brilliant period of their history, we have done them great injustice by identifying the character of the people with the errors of their rulers. The Spaniards are as fine a race as any in the world. There is a spirit, integrity, and generosity in their character, which is strikingly displayed in the manliness of their exterior. Education alone is wanting to teach them the value of a pure faith and a free Constitution ; but until this is conferred, experience has shown that the re-establishment of a representative government would prove a curse rather than a blessing to a people who, excepting

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when exposed to individual oppression, have heretofore submitted to all the inconveniences of misgovernment with singular indifference. It is no fault of theirs that they are centuries in arrear of that intelligence and improvement which overspread the rest of Europe. For this reason a Monarchy more absolute than could be endured in more enlightened countries would not only be the form of Government most secure, but most acceptable to the people of Spain, *if administered with justice.*

It is one of the greatest misfortunes of that nation, that a sickly admiration of the French philosophy, which prevails among the educated classes, led the framers of the new Constitution to copy their code from a French model, thus evidencing not only their bad taste, but their entire ignorance of the character of their own countrymen. Under the semblance of a limited monarchy, they scarce disguised its democratic spirit. It invested the Cortes with the principal functions of the Executive, leaving nothing but a barren sceptre to the Sovereign. In suddenly abridging the power of the Church, and abolishing the Inquisition (however de-

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sirable in principle), they gave great offence to the prejudices of the people. Multitudes were clamorous for the restoration of a tribunal under the terrors of which they had so long trembled; whereas, in order to destroy this hideous monster, it was necessary, in the first place, to have convinced its worshippers of the grossness of their delusion. The darkness which had prevailed for centuries was not to be dispelled in a moment; nor was the sudden blaze of liberty, either civil or religious, acceptable to men blinded by such deplorable ignorance.

Had the new Constitution been modified to suit the times, and had its authors devoted themselves with sincerity and discretion to the amelioration and improvement of the condition of the people, the King would have been compelled to acquiesce, and a wise and temperate administration might finally have accomplished the national independence. But the restoration of the old government, with all its errors and abuses, seems to exclude every hope at present that this unhappy nation will rise out of her ruins. After all the struggles for independence which have exhausted her national

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resources, she has fallen back into a state infinitely worse than before the Revolution. The bankruptcy of the public finances, the stagnation of trade, the decay of her navy, the mutinous spirit of her soldiery, are not so much to be lamented as the fatal dissolution of morals in which the whole nation is involved. The armies of Buonaparte not merely destroyed, with the most diabolical activity, every thing valuable throughout the kingdom, carrying desolation and massacre wherever they came, but they familiarized the inhabitants with enormities which have fatally corrupted them. The guerrilla system further assisted in demoralizing the people: when with a truly patriot spirit they rose in arms against their invaders, they soon became attached to a wandering life. To range the mountains with a musket, and harass the rear of the enemy, was an occupation which, with all its hazards and privations, had infinite charms for a spirited peasantry. When the French were expelled, numbers never returned to the peaceful occupations of the loom and the plough, but, rendered familiar with plunder and violence, they became contra-

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bandists and brigands—the terror of the more industrious citizens whom they formerly rose to protect.

Spain at this moment presents an extraordinary picture of national degradation. A King twice restored to his throne, still indulging the same bigoted and persecuting spirit which lost him the hearts of his subjects. A feeble government and inexperienced ministers clinging to all the old political errors and corruptions ; a treasury bankrupt ; a credit destroyed ; a nobility sunk in poverty and debauchery ; a clergy corrupted by infidelity ; a commonalty (with all the elements which form a great nation) blinded by ignorance and swayed by a host of monks and friars, whom they despise for their sensuality and hate for their extortion. Such is the present condition of this unfortunate nation—I deeply commiserate their fate.

E. H. L.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1824.

VIEWS IN SPAIN.

No.			
1.	Ruins of Tarragona,	Cataluña.	3 Oct. 1813. Harding.
2.	Reus,	_____	4 _____ Ditto.
3.	Alforja,	_____	5 _____ Westall.
4.	Col de Forja,	_____	_____ Ditto.
5.	Lerida,	_____	6 _____ Harding.
6.	Grenadilla,	_____	_____ Ditto.
7.	Ceros,	_____	_____ Westall.
8.	Fraga,	Aragon.	_____ Harding.
9.	Alfajorin,	_____	8 _____ Ditto.
10.	Bridge of the Ebro, Zaragoza,	_____	11 _____ Westall.
11.	Convent of Engracia, ditto, ..	_____	_____ Harding.
12.	Cathedral del Seu, ditto, ..	_____	12 _____ Westall.
13.	Cathedral del Pilar, ditto, ..	_____	_____ Ditto.
14.	Torre de San Felipe, ditto, ..	_____	_____ Hullmandel.
15.	Tudela,	Navarra.	15 _____ Harding.
16.	Noain,	_____	16 _____ Ditto.
17.	Convent at Tafalla,	_____	17 _____ Ditto.
18.	Pamplona,	_____	_____ Westall.
19.	Field of Battle, Sorauren, ..	_____	18 _____ Harding.
20.	Puerto de Velate,	_____	_____ Ditto.
21.	Cohaya,	_____	19 _____ Westall.
22.	Sumbilla,	_____	_____ Ditto.
23.	Vera,	_____	20 _____ Ditto.
24.	Irun,	Guipuscoa.	22 _____ Ditto.
25.	Fuenterrabbia,	_____	_____ Hullmandel.
26.	San Sebastian,	_____	_____ Ditto.
27.	Villabona,	_____	23 _____ Westall.
28.	Tolosa,	_____	_____ Ditto.
29.	Villafranca,	_____	_____ Harding.
30.	Field of Battle, Vittoria,	Alava.	26 _____ Westall.
31.	La Puebla,	_____	_____ Ditto.
32.	Cathedral, Burgos,	Old Castile.	28 _____ Ditto.
33.	Palencia,	Leon.	30 _____ Ditto.

No.				
34.	Valladolid,	Leon.	31 Oct. 1813.	Harding.
35.	Castle of Coca,	Old Castile.	2 Nov. —	Ditto.
36.	Aqueduct, Segovia,	—	3 —	Ditto.
37.	Alcazar, ditto,	—	—	Ditto.
38.	Palace of Escorial,	New Castile.	5 —	Ditto.
39.	Palace of Madrid,	—	8 —	Westall.
40.	Palace of Aranjuez,	—	9 —	Ditto.
41.	Alcazar, Toledo,	—	10 —	Harding.
42.	Quintenar,	La Mancha.	13 —	Hullmandel.
43.	Tobosa,	—	—	Ditto.
44.	Castle of Chinchilla,	Murcia.	15 —	Harding.
45.	Field of Battle, Almanza, ..	—	16 —	Ditto.
46.	Moxente,	Valencia.	17 —	Ditto.
47.	Castle of Montesa,	—	—	Ditto.
48.	Alcira,	—	19 —	Ditto.
49.	Cathedral, Valencia,	—	20 —	Hullmandel.
50.	Saguntum,	—	21 —	Ditto.
51.	Venta de Benecasi,	—	22 —	Ditto.
52.	Col de Balaguer,	Cataluña.	26 —	Harding.
53.	Tomb of the Scipios,	—	27 —	Ditto.
54.	Montserrat,	—	28 —	Westall.
55.	Manresa,	—	29 —	Hullmandel.
56.	Bruch,	—	30 —	Westall.
57.	Portal de Barra,	—	—	Hullmandel.
58.	Plaza San Antonio, Cadiz, ..	Andalusia.	— June, 1811.	Hullmandel.
59.	Custom House, ditto, ..	—	— Ditto.	Westall.
60.	Barcelona,	Cataluña.	— Aug. 1816.	Westall.

ERRATA.

- No. 3: Alforja (line 10), *for* 14 dollars each animal, *read* 28 dollars altogether.
 — 34. Valladolid (line 4), *for* French, *read* allies.
 — 48. Alcira (title), *for* Murcia, *read* Valencia.



Drawn on Stone by J.D. Harding

From the original sketch by F.H. Lindley F.R.S.

RUINS OF TARRAGONA.

London, Pub. by Rodwell and Warren, Vin Bond St., June 10, 1823

Printed by C. Hullmandel.

SPANISH SCENERY.

TARRAGONA.

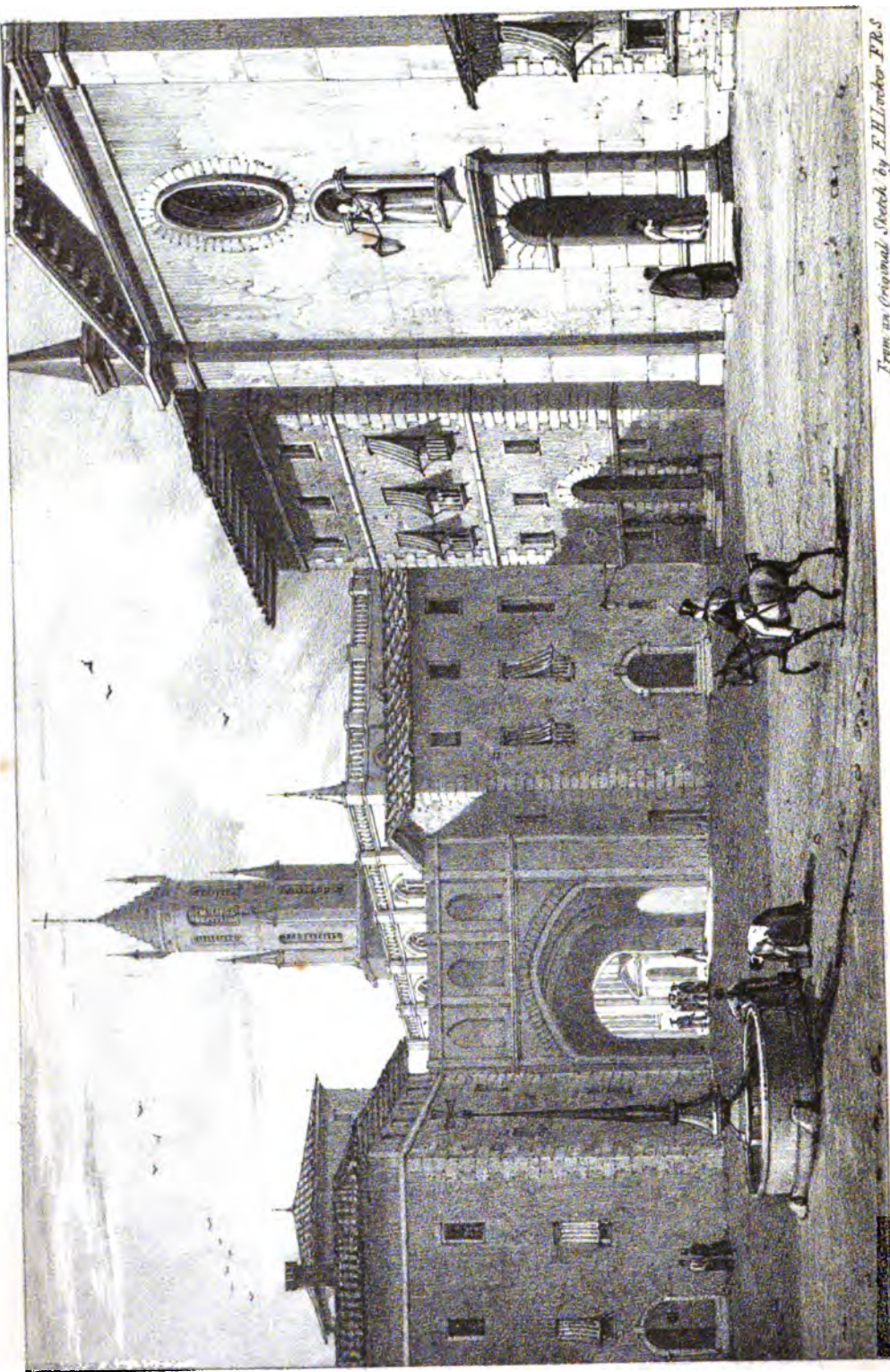
CATALUNA.

THIS place exhibits a striking contrast to its ancient splendour. As the capital of Hispania Tarraconensis it possessed great wealth and importance. The Spanish historians have magnified its population to two millions, and its extent to a circuit of near forty miles. The walls were erected by the elder Scipio, and enlarged by the Emperor Adrian. On the fall of the Roman empire the city rapidly declined. In 467 it was almost destroyed by the Gothic King Euric, and in 714 it was sacked by the Moors, who put all the citizens to the sword. Alfonso of Aragon (surnamed el Batallador) finally expelled the invaders, and repopled the city. Since that period Tarragona has undergone many rude assaults. It was our fortune to be on its coast soon after Marshal Suchet fulfilled his merciless threat of abandoning the garrison of this ill-fated place to the vengeance of his troops, on the 28th of June, 1811. Every enormity was then committed. Amidst fire and sword—plunder and violation—the town and its inhabitants were involved in one common ruin. When the besiegers stormed the walls, Gonsales, the governor, met his death like a brave man, at the head of a few faithful followers, who perished with him, under their bayonets, in the square before his own house. No less than 4000 persons were sacrificed to the fury of the French soldiers.

The town, though still an archbishopric, is now

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reduced to a population of 7000 souls. It is finely situated on an eminence near the little river Francoli, commanding a lovely view over the Campo de Tarragona. Having been recently evacuated by the French, it had now become the head-quarters of the British army under General Clinton; and 3000 of his troops were repairing the works which the French had blown up. The explosion of an old tower (seen in the annexed view), which formed the principal magazine, destroyed a church and most of the adjacent buildings; but the fine old Gothic cathedral, with its octagon tower, from which the flag of Ferdinand now floated, escaped with little injury. I observed only one or two shells had passed through it during the bombardment. The town now presented a very lively scene: though half the houses were in ruins, and most of the rest bore the marks of shot and musquetry, the streets were gay with temporary shops, and the country people engaged in selling their wares. On the walls working parties were employed in raising the fortifications. Troops were huddled on the glacis, numbers of whom were straggling about in regimentals of every hue. The beach was strewn with the mutilated brass guns left behind by the enemy. Groups of sailors crowded the pier, where boats were landing military stores from the transports lying within the shattered Puerto, and in the distance were seen the British men of war at anchor in the roads. The combination of all these various objects produced a highly animated picture.



Drawn on Stone by J.D. Harding

REUS.

*London. Publ'd by J. Murray, Albemarle Street Dec. 15. 1823.
Printed by Cullmandel*

From an Original Sketch by F.H. Locker F.R.S.

SPANISH SCENERY.

REUS.

THIS is a large and populous town, chiefly of modern date, the suburbs greatly exceeding in extent the more ancient buildings. It contains nearly 20,000 souls, spacious barracks, a theatre (now closed), several large distilleries, and also manufactories of leather, cotton, and silk; the two latter employing upwards of two hundred looms. When the armies of Buonaparte entered Spain, Reus was rising rapidly into commercial importance, most of the foreign merchants of Barcelona having resident agents here, as the entrepôt of the trade in wine, brandy, and other commodities. The town stands nearly in the centre of the rich Campo de Tarragona, from which city it is distant about two leagues, and surrounded by very extensive vineyards. The wine of this district is excellent, especially that which is grown upon the neighbouring hills belonging to the wealthy community of Carthusians. The best is set apart for exportation, the remainder passing through the still, the produce being in the proportion of five pipes of wine to one of brandy. Of this article alone within a few years they exported nearly twenty thousand pipes annually. The whole export trade is shipped at the little port of Salou, with which it is connected by a canal, a league and a half south of the town. Reus has been spared the terrible fate of many of the Catalan towns, which were sacked by the invading enemy; and though the inhabitants have been sub-

SPANISH SCENERY.

jected to repeated exactions, the shops appeared pretty well stocked, and trade was reviving among them. While the French were masters here, the principal merchants were driven away, and many of the opulent proprietors were reduced to comparative poverty.

Of these I was much interested in the misfortunes of Don Francesco Bofarul, who, from his attachment to the British, had suffered severely from the French troops. We had once been schoolfellows in England, and though still in the prime of life, I found him reduced from affluence, and bowed down by premature infirmity. We met after an interval of twenty years, at the hospitable table of Lord Frederick Bentinck (the British commandant). The renewal of our acquaintance afforded him evident delight, but the vicissitudes which he had endured, and the long disuse of our language, which he formerly spoke with fluency, and my limited knowledge of the Spanish, left us few topics of common interest, except such as are peculiarly refreshing to early association.



Drawn on Stone by W. Heston, A.R.S.

ALFORJA.

London. Pub'd by J. Murray, Alderman's Lane, 1828.

From an Original Sketch by B. H. Loder, F.R.S.

SPANISH SCENERY.

ALFORJA.

WHILE at Reus we made preparations for our journey into the interior, providing ourselves with arms to protect us against the ladrones (of whom we were told abundance of wonderful stories), and laying in a store of tea and other necessaries, which we were not likely to procure on the road. We next bargained with two active muleteers, who undertook to convey us to Zaragoza in five days, and to furnish five stout mules and a borico (ass) for ourselves, servants, and baggage. We were to pay fourteen dollars for each animal, which included their keep and that of their masters, we undertaking to cater for ourselves.

Col. A'Court, on delivering our passports, signed by the Spanish governor at Tarragona, had given us two routes, of which we were to make choice; but on holding a council with our muleteers, we, upon their recommendation, selected a third, taking the mountain road, which they considered more secure from the French troops, who have still garrisons at Lerida and Mequinenza. We accordingly adopted a course between these two points, to carry us clear of all hazard of being intercepted by the enemy's patrols. The first village we reached was Alforja, a small insignificant place, thinly peopled, and in a ruinous condition. It is beautifully placed on a knoll at the foot of the mountains, which rise in abrupt crags immediately behind, and form a singular

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outline to the prospect. The houses are scattered irregularly about the church, which has a lofty tower surmounted with a cupola, the dignity of which forms a striking contrast to the wretched dwellings of the inhabitants, of whom we saw very few, and these chiefly women and children. The guerilla system has tempted many from their homes, encouraging a wandering disposition, which has not improved the Catalans as husbands and fathers. Every man in the country possesses a musket, and they are excellent marksmen. They are better pleased with the pursuit of tracking their enemies along their deep defiles than in prosecuting their more peaceful labours. Since the French army found it necessary to draw towards their own frontier, the eagerness of the prowling peasantry has been greatly quickened, and no Frenchman can venture beyond the protection of his comrades, without the risk of being marked down by his hidden and implacable enemy.



Drawn on Stone by W. Marshall. A.R.S.

From an Original Sketch by B.H. Larher F.R.S.

COL DE FORJA.

London. Pub^d by J. Murray. Albemarle St. Dec. 15. 1823.
Printed by C. Hullmandel.

SPANISH SCENERY.

COL DE FORJA.

AFTER passing through the Pueblo de Alforja we traversed the bed of a torrent, strewed with large blocks of gray and red granite, intermingled with several masses of whinstone and immense fragments of walls, which had been washed down from the heights above. These proved the violence of the mountain streams when swelled during the winter season by the heavy rains, which frequently destroy the vineyards formed on the steeps, in spite of the care thus employed by the proprietors to support the soil. We soon after ascended the Col de Forja, a ridge of hills which exhibited some very pretty scenery. The road appeared almost impassable for carriages, but our mules carried us nimbly over the broken ground, while our eyes were regaled with many luxuriant spots, covered with plantations of the olive, the vine, and the algaroba (locust), a large and beautiful tree, bearing at the end of its branches a long pod, which furnishes excellent food for cattle, and so sweet, that, like the sugar-cane, the labourers are constantly seen chewing it as they walk.

On quitting the Col de Forja the scene was quickly changed. The lands were less cultivated, and scarce an enclosure was to be seen. We passed through a considerable wood of pines, and beyond this crossed the Montañas de Prades. We were surprised on nearer examination to find them regularly stratified by a formation of brescia of great extent.

SPANISH SCENERY.

At noon we came to the village of Cornudella. While our muleteers were refreshing themselves and their cattle, we went, on the invitation of the curate (who invited us from his balcony), to examine the church, which contained little remarkable. He told us that this luckless place had been plundered fifteen times by the French troops, and the aspect of the houses and their inhabitants bore ample proof of their violence and rapacity.

We proceeded to pass the night at Uldemolins, a small town two leagues beyond. On our arrival there we showed our passports to the Escribano, and having thus secured our quarters, Lord John and I set forth into the village with a basket and a pitcher, to collect the "materiel" for a dinner, while the apartment and alhajos de cochina (kitchen utensils) were preparing by Ramsay, my honest Scotch servant, who made a very creditable debut in the cookery of an olla, to which our courteous landlady added a present of the dessert.

SPANISH SCENERY.

LERIDA.

CATALUÑA.

ON quitting Uldemolins we crossed the little river Ciurana, and soon after ascended the Sierra de la Llera, a lofty range of mountains, upon the ridge of which we travelled for some leagues. This elevation presented to us a very extensive prospect, overlooking the fertile plain on our right, intersected by the river Segre, and by several canals connected with it, for the purpose of irrigation, which spread fertility through the luxuriant gardens and other enclosures. Amidst those on the right bank of the river we descried the city of Lerida standing on the declivity of a hill. We regretted that we could make no nearer approach without the risk of falling in with some of the enemy's pickets. Lerida, or Ilerda, as it was called by the Romans, is distinguished in its national history, both ancient and modern. Before the Christian æra it witnessed the triumph of Scipio over Hanno the Carthaginian general; and Julius Cæsar subsequently defeated, beneath its walls, the lieutenants of his rival Pompey. Under the Gothic kings of Spain it became the seat of a famous council in the year 524, and having afterwards fallen under the Moorish yoke, it was restored to freedom in 1149, by Raymond Berenger, who annexed it to the province of Cataluña. In 1647 the citizens bravely repulsed an attack from the Prince de Condé. In

SPANISH SCENERY.

1707 it was taken and pillaged by another French army under the Duke of Orleans; and in 1808, when the patriots rose against the usurpation of Buonaparte, this city was chosen for the residence of the Junta of Cataluña; but a series of reverses once more threw it into the hands of the French, under Marshal Suchet, in 1810.

Lerida contains a population of 18,000 souls. The streets, though extensive, are narrow and irregular, and present no beauty, excepting a fine quay on the bank of the river. On the heights above the town stand the ruins of the palace of the kings of Aragon, and also the remains of the ancient cathedral. The present episcopal church stands in the lower part of the town, and is of comparatively modern construction. The bishop is a suffragan to the metropolitan of Tarragona.

This place once boasted of a university of great celebrity, founded in 1300, by James II. of Aragon; but the institution has declined into a simple college, the whole church revenues being now inadequate to the maintenance of its own ecclesiastics.



Drawn on Stone by J. D. Harding.

From an Original Sketch by B. H. Locker F.R.S.

GRENADILLA.

London. Pub.^d by J. Murray, Albemarle St. March 18. 1824.

Printed by C. Hullmandel

SPANISH SCENERY.

GRENADILLA.

ON quitting the heights from which we enjoyed the fine prospect over Lerida into the Llano de Urgel, we descended a rich valley, along the bottom of which ran a beautiful arroyo (rivulet), whose banks were clothed with verdure, and skirted with the white poplar and the algaroba. Some broken hills rose beyond them, and in the distance appeared the little town of Grenadilla, which had an air of some importance, but on entering the place the charm was quickly dispelled. All was forlorn and ruinous, and, with the exception of a handsome tower to the church, we found nothing to detain us.

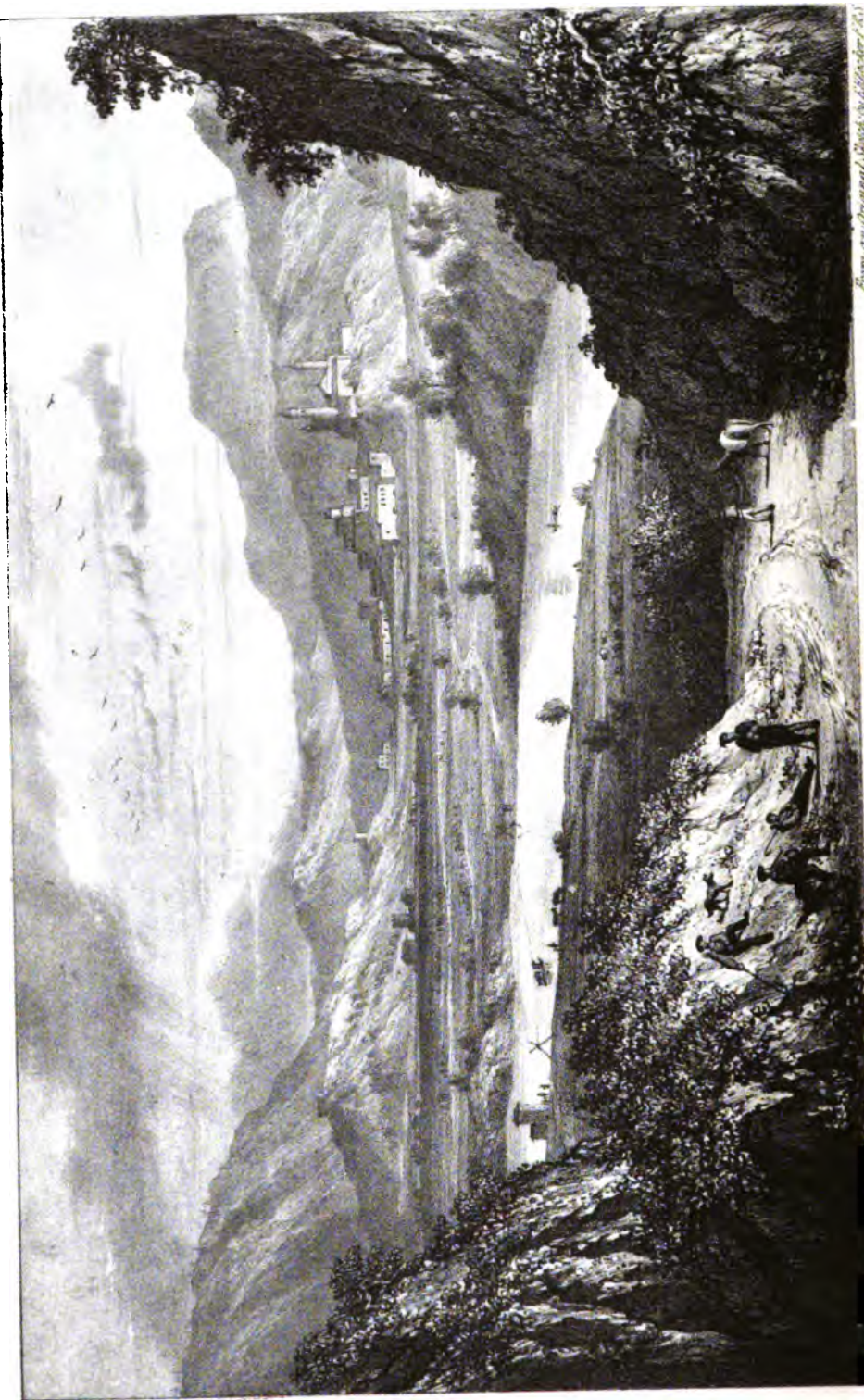
The whole of this part of Cataluña is highly picturesque, being intersected by several ranges of mountains, abounding in those bold and striking features which constitute the perfection of landscape scenery. The rugged outline of granite presented the most irregular forms; and the deep glens which lay beneath, enriched at this season with the most glowing tints of autumnal foliage, gave a luxuriant colouring to many detached subjects, which Poussin or Salvator would have delighted to paint on the spot, producing effects which no artist would either invent or introduce without the authority derived from the study of nature.

For our better security we had forsaken the ordinary route, so that we saw few of the peasantry, and met scarcely any travellers. Indeed the po-

SPANISH SCENERY.

pulation is thinly scattered over these mountainous regions, and the villages are inconsiderable. Most of those whom we met were well armed, and the talk of our guides as they walked by our side was of little else than of banditti, and of the Gávachos, by which opprobrious name they commonly speak of the French. The muleteers love to impose such tales on their employers; and doubtless they find their account in exciting their curiosity, if not their apprehensions, as they traverse these solitary defiles.

We passed two or three crosses, which marked the spot where some unfortunate wretches had met a violent death by the way. Some of these probably were killed by accident, but all were described as so many barbarous murders, and the fluency of the narrative proved that we were listening to a tale which had been told a hundred times before. The very ancient custom of casting a stone upon these untimely graves is still observed throughout Spain. Affection or superstition induce many to offer this tribute, accompanied by a silent prayer for the dead; but even a mere stranger, exempt from such motives, may find a gratification in adding a stone to the heap, from that veneration for the dead which seems to be inherent in our constitution.



From an original sketch by the artist (1824)

CEROS.

London: Pubd by J. Murray, Rhinoceros St. 426 1824

Printed by C. Hullmandel

Drawn from nature by W. Marshall, d. 1824.

SPANISH SCENERY.

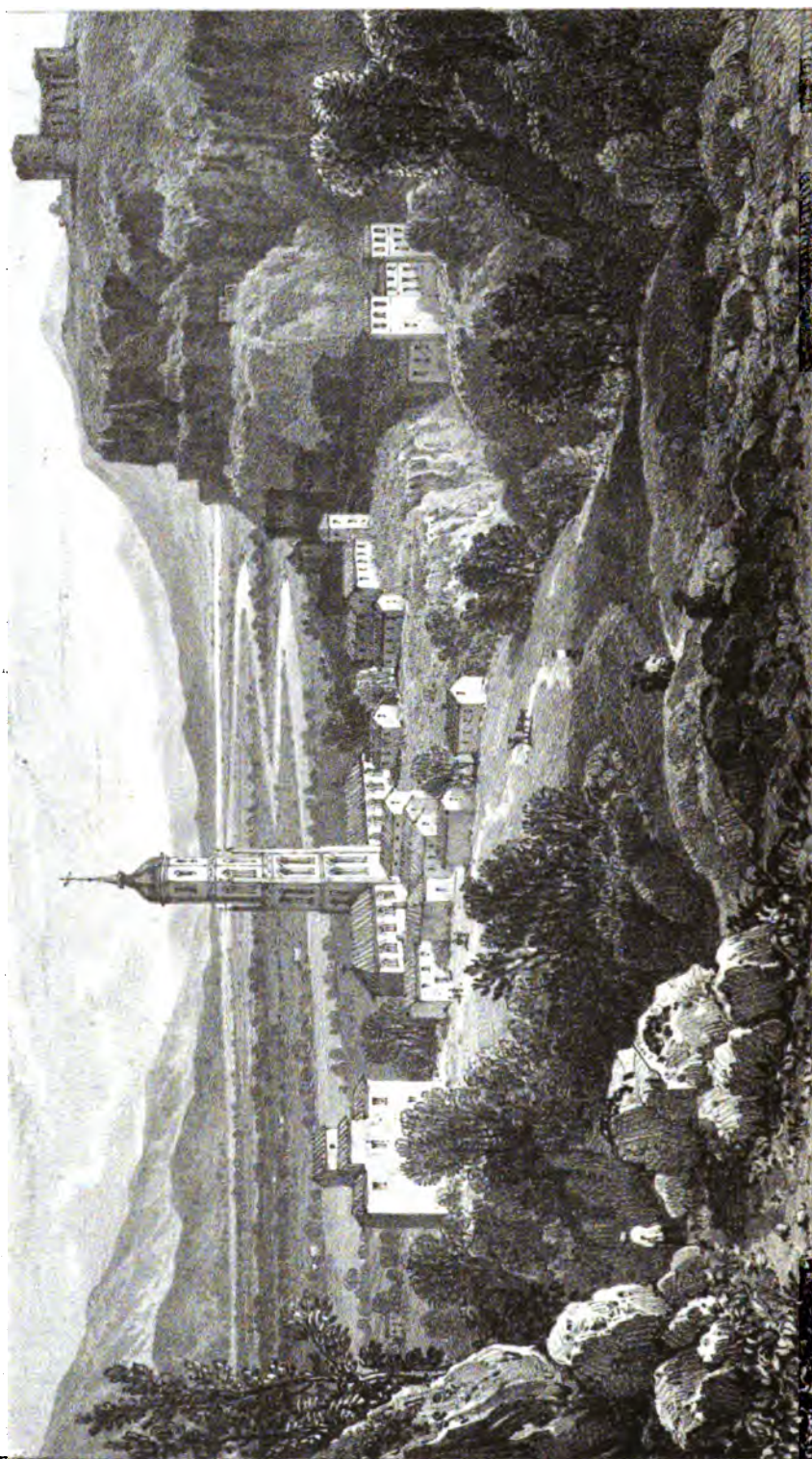
CEROS.

IN the afternoon we advanced towards the banks of the Segre, and halted on a hill to contemplate a fine view beyond its banks, having the village of Ceros before us on elevated ground, ascending from the river, and behind it some bold mountains, of singular form, sweeping away to a great distance on the right, in which direction we caught another glimpse of Lerida, and on our left looked towards Mequinenza, which was hidden from our sight by an intervening hill, though little more than a league distant. The Segre, which rises in the Pyrenees at the distance of 120 miles, and traverses some of the richest plains of Cataluña, falls into the Ebro, beneath the walls of Mequinenza, which stands on the confluence of these two rivers, and of the Cinca, which also becomes tributary to the Ebro, near the same spot. Mequinenza is a fortified town of some consequence, though its population does not exceed 1500 souls. It was now in possession of the French, having been taken by Marshal Soult in 1810.

The Segre is here a fine river; it appeared about a hundred yards wide, but the appearance of its banks showed that when swollen by the rains it greatly exceeds its natural boundaries. We found a ferry-boat at this point, which conveyed three of our mules at a time. The boatmen amused us with accounts of the ravages committed by the enemy's troops; but said they had given them little trouble since the

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success of the allied army in the north had induced Marshal Suchet to withdraw towards the Pyrenees, and they shortly expected to be relieved from their long oppression. While we were seated on the opposite bank, waiting for the transport of our baggage mules, our ears were cheered with the sound of a bagpipe, which came wafted down the stream from a group of shepherds at some distance, and the echo produced a very pleasing effect on the general stillness of the scene. This is a common instrument in this part of the country, and though rudely constructed, discourses very wholesome music. It differs little from that which I have seen among the goat-herds of Mount Ætna. The bag, which is preposterously large, supplies the drone, while the pipe which yields the music is played by the mouth. On leaving the river we passed through the village of Ceros, which is poor and desolate, and offered nothing to detain us on our journey.



From an Original Sketch by E. H. Leach, F.R.S.

FRAGA.

London. Pub^d by J. Murray, Aldemarle. St. Dec. 15. 1823.
Printed by C. Hullmandel.

Drawn and Engraved by J. D. Harding.

SPANISH SCENERY.

FRAGA.

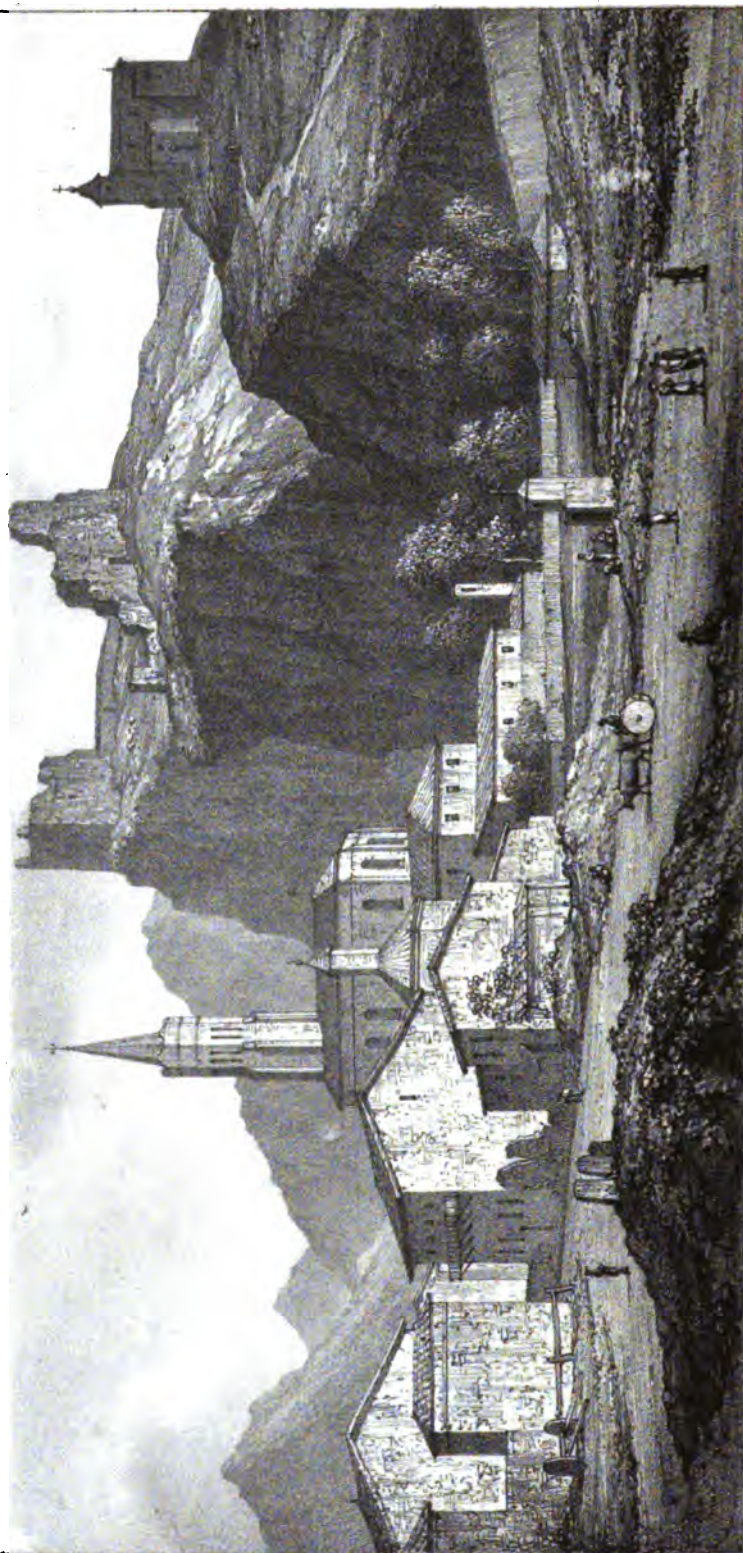
Soon after leaving Ceros we reached the boundary which divides Cataluña from the kingdom of Aragon. We traversed a long and dreary plain, intersected with ravines, and scarce offering any appearance of cultivation; but as we approached Fraga about the time of sunset, the prospect was most beautiful: the eye commanding an extensive view of the course of the Cinca, on the banks of which this town is seated. The situation is highly picturesque: it stands high, upon abrupt and irregular ground, formed by the decay of the sandstone rocks, intersected with limestone, and cut into very deep ravines, along which the road winded. The view over the plain beyond extends to an immense distance, beyond which appeared a range of beautiful blue mountains. We were accosted by a guard posted a little way out of the town, to whom we showed our passports; a caution which was occasioned by the near neighbourhood of the French garrisons at Lerida and Mequinenza.

On entering the town we proceeded in search of the alcalde; and while looking for his abode to obtain an order for a billet, we were invited to enter a private house, where we found comfortable quarters for the night, and such provisions and other accommodations as rendered us very comfortable. While our dinner was preparing, we received an invitation to attend a concert given by some of the

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Spanish officers, which we were obliged to decline, with many acknowledgments for this mark of civility to entire strangers. Hitherto, indeed, we have experienced a constant desire to oblige us wherever we have halted, and there appears to be an universal expression of kindness towards Englishmen, which is exceedingly gratifying to us as travellers.

Fraga is a very ancient Roman town, and became afterwards the residence of one of the Moorish kings, but has now dwindled into insignificance. It has nothing striking except its situation; the houses being of mean appearance, and the streets ill paved and crooked. The ruins of its castle appear on the heights above. There are three gates, two churches, an Augustine convent, and a long wooden bridge of twenty-two arches across the Cinca. Near this town Alphonso I., surnamed El Battalador, was killed in battle with the Moors in 1134. The town was recovered by Raymond Berenger a few years after, and annexed to the crown of Aragon. In the war of the Succession it was taken and retaken by Charles and Philip, and finally acknowledged the latter as sovereign of Spain.



Drawn on Stone by W. H. Stott, A.R.S.

From an Original Sketch by E. H. Lockyer F.R.S.

ALFAJORIN.

*London Pub'd by J. Murray, Albemarle St., May 15, 1844.
Printed by C. Bullock.*

SPANISH SCENERY.

ALFAJORIN.

WE left Fraga, not sorry to escape from an over-courteous hostess in the kitchen, and from fleas and musquitos in our own apartment. We crossed the Cinca by a wooden bridge, and on halting for some wine at Candasnos, we were told that a party of French soldiers had just carried off some of their women, under pretence of having worked on the fortifications. Such was their brutal system! We passed through Penalva (white rock), and rested at Bujaralos, a clean little town. Next day we reached Villa-franca, which has a handsome church with a dome, standing near the Ebro. The scene now improved, for the country hitherto had a wild aspect, and was very thinly inhabited. The following morning we came to Alfajorin, standing beside a hill, on which appeared a ruined castle, shown in the annexed view. Soon after the venerable city of Zaragoza, with its ruined towers and steeples, arose before us, Monte Cayo and a long range of blue hills appearing behind them.

My fellow-traveller, who had already seen much of Spain, prepared me for the inconveniences of travelling on mules, which, though the best mode of showing the country and its inhabitants, requires more patience than English travellers usually possess. Nothing can prevail on these hired mules to quit the foot-pace, to which native indolence and a cigarre reconcile a Spaniard. To converse with a companion

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involves a perpetual controversy between the rider and his beast; for being accustomed to follow in the same track to the jingle of their bells, when carrying burthens, it is very difficult to make them keep abreast. Every morning opens with an altercation with the muleteers, who, though they call one at sunrise, waste an hour or two before they can be driven from the door. One source of delay arises from a good old custom once practised in England. They make it a point of conscience to ask a blessing at church before they commence the journey; but some, less scrupulous, run for a few minutes into the first oratory they find on the road. Our day's journey seldom exceeded eight leagues, but this occupied the whole day. Parched with the sun, and jaded with remaining so many hours in the saddle, our chief difficulties commenced after reaching our resting-place. We had then to wait upon some obsolete alcalde while he spelled through our passports; and when the billet was obtained, we had next our hostess to propitiate, perhaps a fire to light, cooking utensils to collect, provisions to purchase, and sometimes the supper to be prepared by our own servants. Under such circumstances some zeal is required to keep a journal or a sketch-book. The traveller must often do this by the light of a solitary lamp, common to all the tenants of a posada, amidst all their interruptions and jostling; while his head throbs and his back aches with the labours of the day, and his senses are confused by the noise and stench of a Spanish kitchen.



Drawn on Stone by W. H. Stoddard, A.R.A.

From the Original Sketch by J. H. Stoddard, A.R.A.

BRIDGE OF THE EBRO. ZARAGOZA.

London: Pub. by Kistner and Harten, 11, Bond St. Aug. 1823

Printed by J. J. Wallmandel

SPANISH SCENERY.

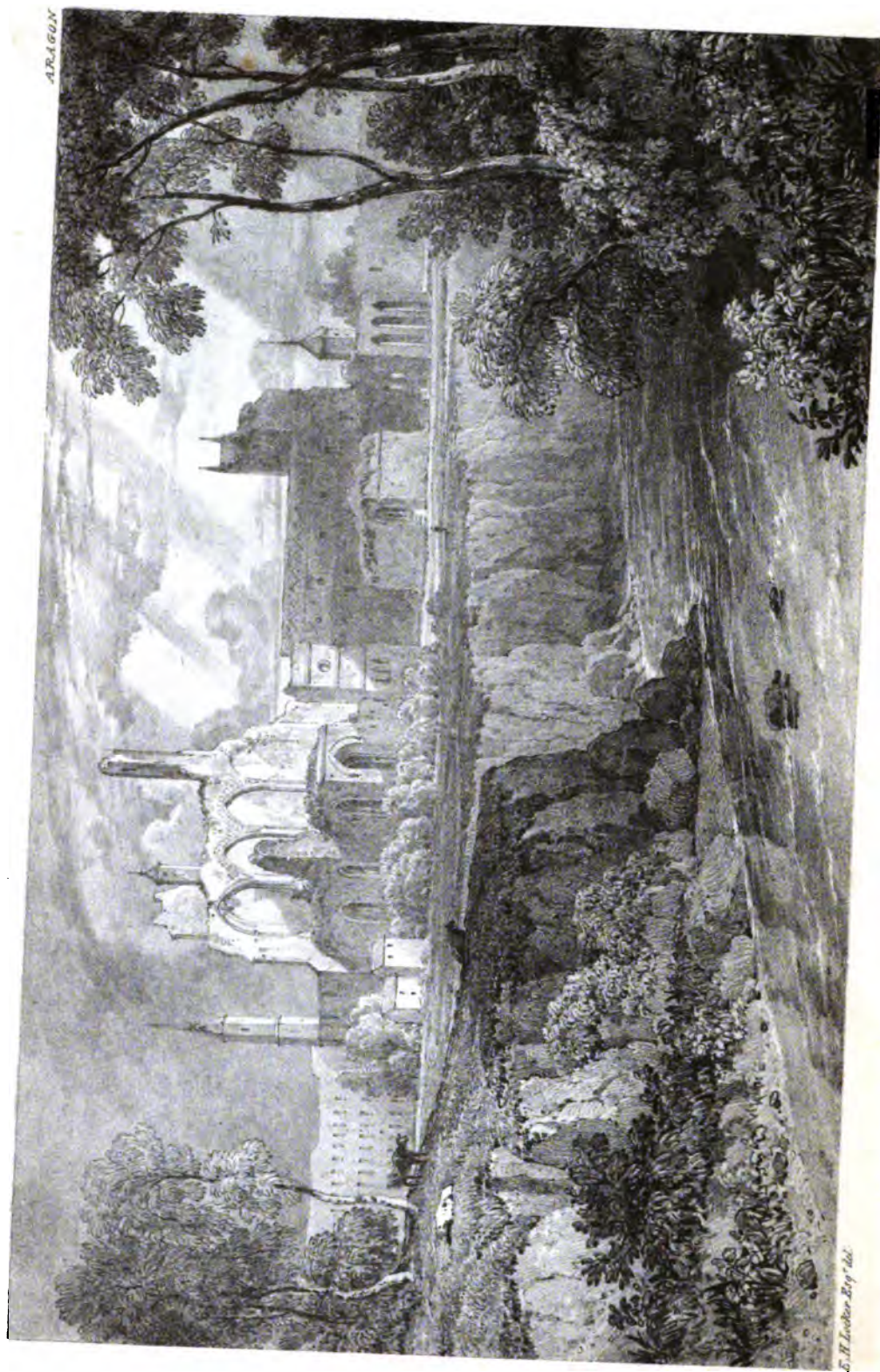
BRIDGE OF THE EBRO.

ZARAGOZA.

THE noble defence of this city against the French army under Lefebvre Desnouettes, in 1808, renders it an object of universal interest. After an interval of five years we found it still in ruins, the inhabitants being too poor to restore even their private dwellings. Zaragoza (Cæsarea Augusta), once a Roman station, is the capital of the kingdom of Aragon. It stands in an extensive plain, fruitful in oliveyards and vineyards. We crossed the Gallego, a tributary stream, which falls in below the town, and soon after entered it by the bridge of the Ebro. The wreck of the public buildings, destroyed during the bombardment, associated in our minds with the heroic exploits of the inhabitants, compelled us to pause at every step to observe the ravages of the shot and shells; and this interest increased on reaching the principal street, El Cozo. Every door and window which remained bore the marks of bullets; for here the Zaragozans fought their invaders hand to hand; while the French took possession of one side, the citizens maintained the other, disputing every inch of ground between them. The walls which separated the houses were pulled down, and this long street was thus converted into two immense forts. Loop-holes were opened for musketry, embrasures were broken through the front walls, and cannon brought up from within, which spread destruction from side to side. Every expedient practised in more regular

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sieges was tried in succession ; mines and counter-mines were carried below the pavement, and exploded underneath the opposite houses. The dead lay in heaps between the combatants, threatening a pestilence more terrible than the sword. Every church and convent, nay, every building, capable of defence, became a military position. Priests were seen defending their altars, and pouring out their blood at the foot of the cross. Among the most conspicuous of these, was Padre Santiago Sass, who took the lead in every hazardous enterprise. Females rivalled the most undaunted of their fellow-citizens. The Portillo was saved by the gallantry of Augustina Zaragoza, a fine young woman, who, when none else survived in the battery, snatched a match from the hand of a dead artilleryman, and renewed the fire on the besiegers. The lovely Countess Burita placed herself at the head of an association of women, who fearlessly exposed their lives in ministering to the wounded and the dying. A self-devotion, worthy of Numantia or Saguntum, animated all classes ; distinctions of rank, and age, and sex were forgotten, in the hour of common peril, and every one alternately commanded and obeyed with a promptitude and union which ennobled the cause. Such was the success of these enthusiastic exertions, that the enemy were driven into a narrow circuit : the citizens gradually regained the greater part of their town ; and Lefebvre, having set fire to the quarter of Sta. Engracia, on the night of the 13th of August, withdrew his troops from the contest, leaving the defenders to enjoy the triumph of their patriotism,



J.D. Harding Lithy.

CONVENT OF STA. ENGRACIA, ZARAGOZA.

London: Pub. by Redwell and Martin, New Bond St. May 1742.

Printed by C. Hullmandel.

SPANISH SCENERY.

CONVENT OF ST. ENGRACIA, ZARAGOZA.

ARAGON.

AMONG the public edifices which were destroyed during the siege of Zaragoza, we saw no object more captivating to our attention than the ruins of St. Engracia, a foundation of Jeronymites instituted by Ferdinand and Isabella on the union of their kingdoms. It was equally distinguished for the beauty of the fabric and the wealth of its endowments. The cloister was ornamented with marble pillars and incrustations. Its church was dedicated to the Holy Martyrs who suffered under the Decian persecution, and their bones are deposited in the vaults beneath. The front of this building was adorned with numerous statues, among which appeared those of the royal founders. Here were to be seen some splendid monuments; and among them that of the historian Jerome Zurita, who died in 1570. The convent also was celebrated for its valuable pictures; but the monks reserved their chief regard for one, reputed to be by the hand of St. Luke, under the common error that this Evangelist was a painter. In the subterranean church, which was constantly illuminated, and rich in curious reliques and sumptuous donations, was preserved the head of the patron saint, encircled by a collar of precious stones, and secured within a shrine of pure silver. We are not duly skilled in legendary lore to supply the real

SPANISH SCENERY.

history of St. Engracia's decapitation ; and as we hold pious ignorance in respect, we forbear to repeat the story of the miracle by which it is distinguished.

The convent gives name to one of the gates of Zaragoza, to which it stands contiguous. The little river Guerva empties itself into the Ebro near its walls. The French, after repeated attempts to storm the city, having invested it more closely, advanced a strong division across the river to destroy the mills which supplied the inhabitants with flour. They proceeded to erect batteries on the banks of the Guerva, within pistol-shot of the mud walls which formed the only protection to that side of the city. On the 3rd of August the French opened a tremendous fire on St. Engracia, which soon burst into flames. Seizing the advantage, they pushed on two strong columns, which, after a most desperate conflict, gained possession of the quarter of St. Engracia, from whence they immediately summoned the inhabitants to surrender. The proposal and the reply were equally laconic.

Proposal. "Quartel General, Sta. Engracia.

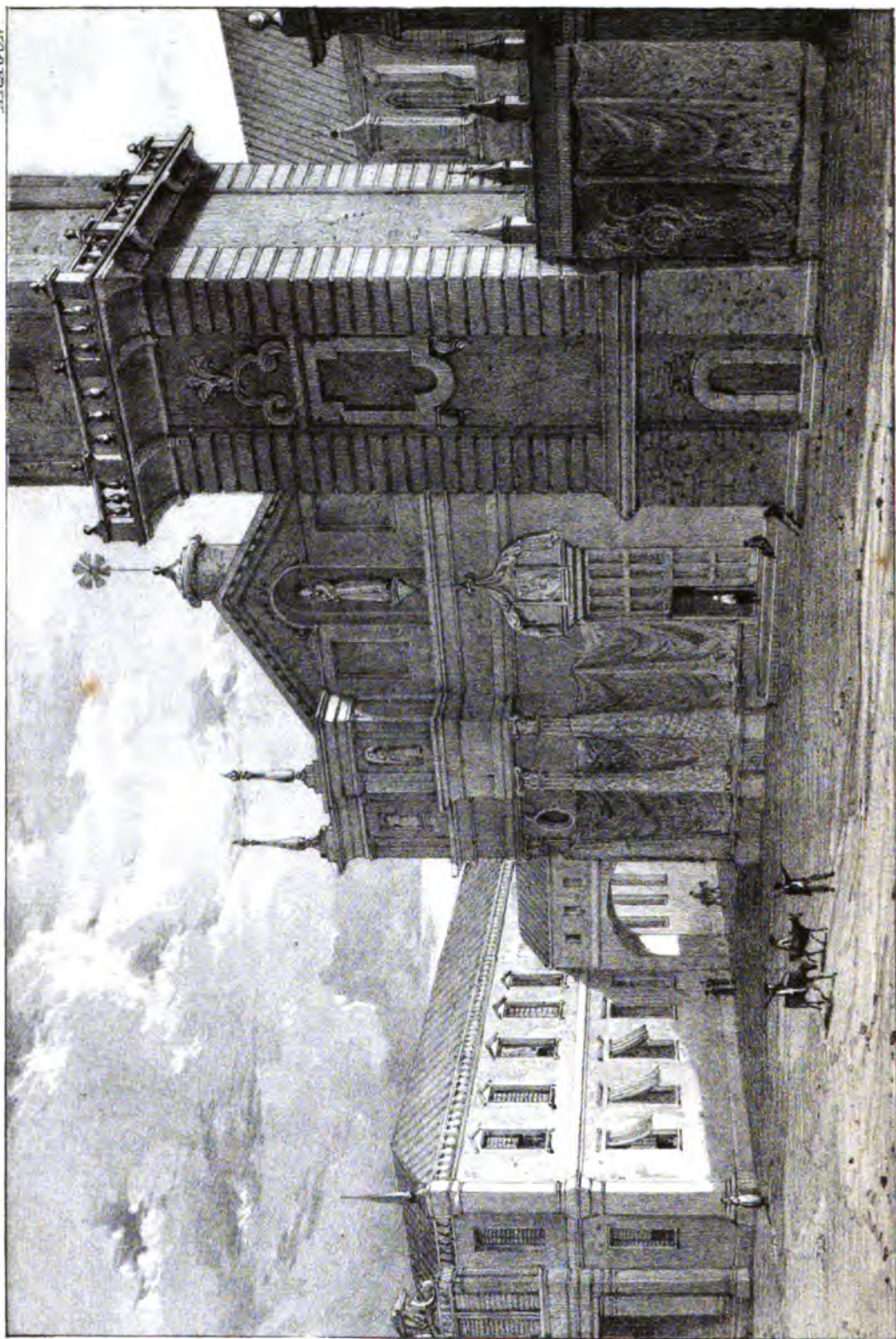
"La capitulacion."

Answer. "Quartel General,—Zaragoza.

"Guerra al cuchillo.

"Palafox."

ARAGON



From an Original Sketch by F. H. Schuch F. R. S.

C. A. THERIDRAIL, DEL. T. A. S. E. U. • Z. A. R. A. G. O. Z. A. •

London: Pub. by J. H. B. Morris, Alderman's Wharf, W. C. 1844.

Drawn on Stone by J. Dilland

SPANISH SCENERY.

CATHEDRAL DEL SEU.

ZARAGOZA.

THIS venerable city boasts of two cathedrals, each of which is distinguished by its external architecture, and still more for the magnificence of the interior. They bear a remarkable contrast to each other. That which is dedicated to our Lady of the Pillar is of modern date ; the architecture Grecian, and the style of its decorations light and glittering, with an excess of enrichments. The cathedral del Seu, which is the metropolitan, stands in another quarter of the town, facing a small square. It is an ancient Gothic structure, excepting its portal, which is of modern design, and not in the best taste ; the elevation of this front bearing no proportion to the immense fabric with which it is connected behind. This inferiority is rendered still more striking to the spectator, by having at its side a lofty tower of brick, erected in 1683, which is no less than four stories high. The archiepiscopal palace appears on the other side of the cathedral, connected with it by a covered gallery thrown across the street, through which the archbishop passes unobserved from his own apartments into the church when mass is celebrated. This cathedral, though too short for its width, is a noble structure, having that air of solemn magnificence which is peculiar to the Roman Catholic churches. Much of this fine effect is produced by the artificial gloom in which they are generally en-

SPANISH SCENERY.

veloped, and this seldom fails to increase, in minds disposed to serious thoughts, that sense of reverence which the Gothic style of architecture is so well calculated to inspire, while it conceals from the eye of the stranger the deformity of those trumpery ornaments which mistaken zeal has heaped together upon every altar. The choir is placed nearly in the centre of the building. It is adorned with statues, and other sculptures, among which is the tomb of an ancient inquisitor, adorned with superb columns, from which six Moors are suspended. Surrounding the choir are four aisles crowded with chapels, each of which was enriched with precious contributions of gold, silver, and curious relics. These were suddenly removed on the irruption of the French troops, and many were stolen or destroyed. The pictures, though numerous, did not afford me much interest, for I have preserved no note of any of superior merit. The tombs of several archbishops of Zaragoza are to be found within these walls, some of which are executed in a sumptuous style. There are also several fine monuments in honour of members of the royal house of Aragon, and other illustrious names. The dignitaries and canons perform their functions for six months alternately, at each of these cathedrals; the whole body of ecclesiastics belonging to them amounting to no less than 350 persons. The jurisdiction of the archbishop extends over six of his suffragans.

The city is divided into seventeen parishes. Before the war it contained forty-four convents, and seventy churches and chapels.

SPANISH SCENERY.

CATHEDRAL DEL PILAR.

ZARAGOZA.

THE feast of Our Lady of the Pillar was celebrated during our visit to the Aragonese capital, and conducted with considerable splendour, though doubtless very inferior to that which was exhibited, before the spoliation of the French deprived the Church of the means of doing honour to their great Patroness. A surprising concourse of visitors assembled from all parts of the country to assist at these ceremonies, which lasted several days. The incessant ringing of bells, firing of guns, and other festal noises, wearied our ears; while processions continually parading the streets, and all the glitter of crosses and banners, and the blaze of innumerable wax tapers, dazzled our eyes, and kept us in a constant whirl. All the houses and churches were decorated with tapestry and other hangings. Triumphal arches and wreaths of flowers were stretched across the streets, through which the crowd rolled slowly along, as the people, in their best attire, wandered from church to church, mingling mirth with devotion, and indulging their curiosity with all the varieties of the spectacle. The foundation of this cathedral is thus related. St. James the Elder (Santiago), after our Lord's ascension, proceeded to preach the gospel in Spain; and having landed in Galicia, penetrated as far as Cæsarea Augusta (Zaragoza), where he made eight converts. Here the Romish legend declares that the Virgin appeared to him, standing on a pillar, and

SPANISH SCENERY.

commanded him to erect a church to her honour upon that spot. In obedience to this injunction the original fabric was completed, which afterwards gave place to the present noble structure, built about the middle of the fifteenth century, and greatly augmented since that period. The dimensions of the church are of great size, being no less than 500 feet in length. It was enriched with many precious gifts by various sovereigns, and other distinguished benefactors, who vied with each other in their munificence. The figure of Our Lady is contained in a beautiful chapel, open on three sides, which stands beneath the great dome. This image was formerly shown only to crowned heads, and to cardinals, and it is still regarded with the utmost veneration. The smaller oratories are filled with an amazing quantity of ex-votos, most of which, as usual, are but trumpery. There are some good pictures, but none of the highest class. The exterior is not of the purest architecture. The central dome is lofty, and smaller domes crown the principal chapels. The interior is ornamented in the most lavish manner.

It was in this famous church that Cardinal de Retz saw the man (described in his Memoirs) who, having lost a leg, was believed to have recovered it through the efficacy of his prayers to Nuestra Señora del Pilar. Hume has employed this story to turn the ridicule of a pretended miracle upon the mighty acts recorded by the sacred historians; but the false reasoning with which he has endeavoured to support his argument serves but to expose its sophistry; proving how feeble are the efforts of the ablest intellect when opposed to divine truth.



Drawn on Stone by C. Hallmandel.

from an Original Sketch by E. H. Locker, F.R.S.

TORRE DE SAN FELIPE. ZARAGOZA.

London. Pub.^d by J. Murray, Albemarle St^e 1824.

SPANISH SCENERY.

TOWER OF SAN FELIPE.

ZARAGOZA.

IN the Plaza de San Felipe stands a very singular building, used as a belfry, called El Torre Nuevo, a name now somewhat inappropriate, as it was erected so long ago as the year 1594. It leans in a fearful manner towards a church on the other side the street, but has hitherto betrayed no further tokens of slipping from its foundations, having stood unmoved upwards of two centuries. It is built of brick, curiously ornamented, and has a flight of 280 steps leading to the top. From the upper balcony we observed a group of country people gazing at the noble prospect round them, and looking down upon the throng which had collected in the streets to see the procession of the Rosario.

At first sight of this curious edifice, the question "How came it so?" instantly occurred to us; but we found it not so easy to obtain a solution, for the critics of Zaragoza seem as much divided in opinion as those of Pisa; and though their tower is not so old by four centuries, the cause of its declination is involved in equal perplexity. It is not improbable that the foundation may have sunk during its erection, and that the architect carried up the remainder of his work as a triumph of his art, counterbalancing the inferior side, in order to prevent the fabric from oversetting, in the same manner as the antiquaries profess to have discovered in the construction of the Pisan tower.

SPANISH SCENERY.

Having now examined most of the principal buildings, we had leisure to turn our attention to the great variety of characters which were assembled in this interesting city. Our walks on the Paseo introduced us to an immense crowd of all ranks of idlers, who in this warm climate seek their principal recreation in the open air. On the approach of evening the public walks teem with mirth and gallantry on every side. As a picture they exhibit the most lively groups, the variety of the Spanish costume producing a very rich effect. Persons fantastically dressed attend to light their cigarros, others sell iced water and refreshments, jingling their glasses as the symbols of their trade, and jesting with their customers, who encourage their humour. The stone seats placed under the shade of the trees are filled with well-dressed females, each attended by her *cortejo*. This pernicious system is the ruin of the upper ranks in Spain. So long as conjugal fidelity is treated with indifference, and husbands and fathers are the seducers, rather than the guardians of female virtue, it is hopeless to expect that the national character can ever recover its vigour or its dignity. The Spanish women are formed by nature for the most exalted attainments; but while the purity of moral virtue is treated with levity, and their education is degraded to the most trifling accomplishments, their children cannot acquire from them those early principles of rectitude which are best implanted by maternal care, and which form the basis of that high character which distinguishes the British nation.



TUDELA.

London: Pubd by J. Murray, 11th mo. St. No. 17, 1849.

SPANISH SCENERY.

TUDELA.

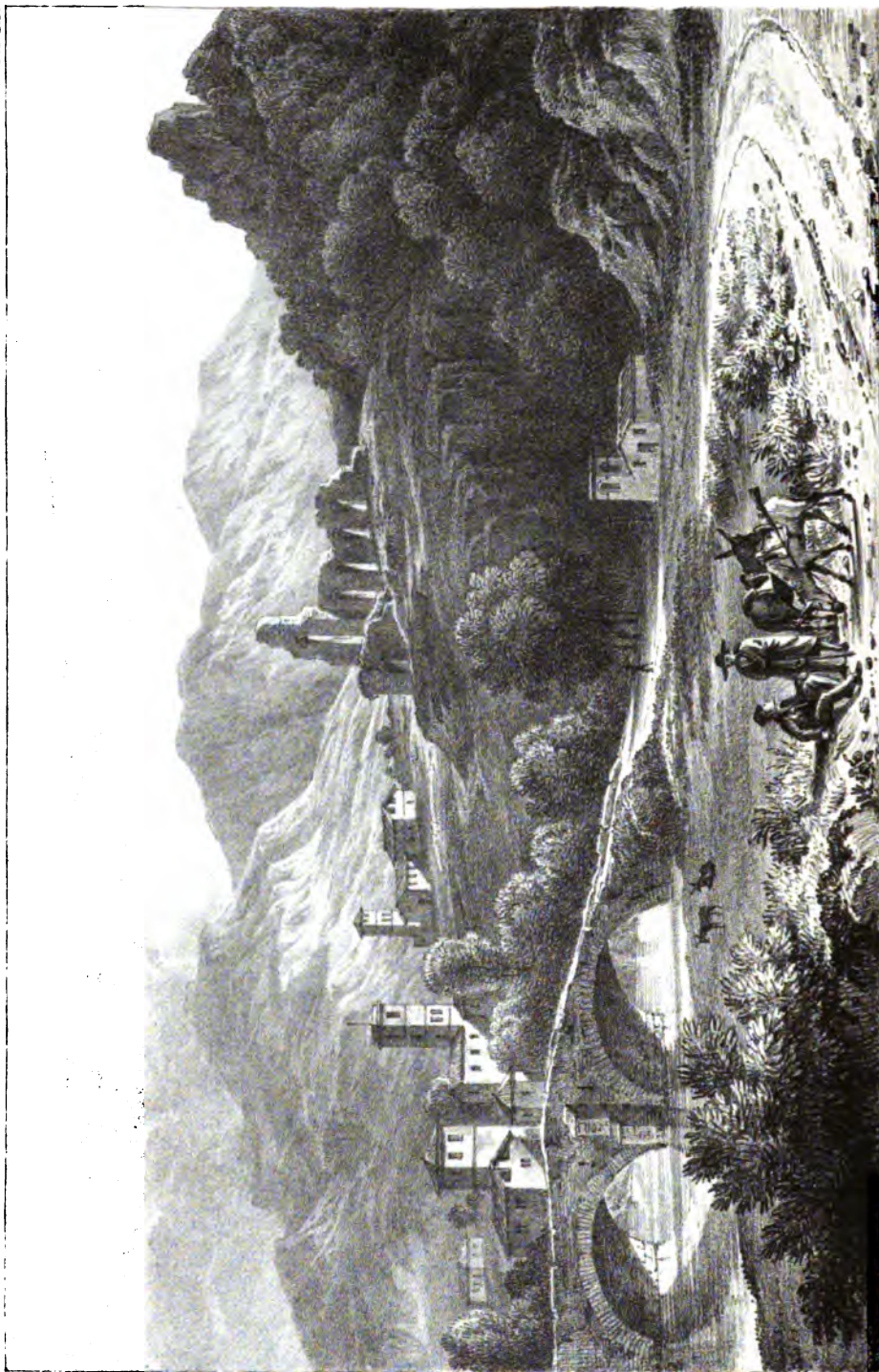
HALF a mile beyond the town of Mallen we passed between two pillars of stone, which mark the boundaries of Aragon and Navarra. The road was excellent, conducted in a perfect line for several leagues beside the canal of Aragon leading to Zaragoza on the left, and the Ebro running at a short distance on our right. The approach to Tudela is very beautiful, standing on the confluence of the Ebro and the little river Queilos, amidst extensive gardens, olive groves, and vineyards, which produce a red wine like that of Burgundy, highly esteemed. The whole valley is richly wooded, and adjoining the city we saw some beautiful walks, planted with avenues of elms. Above the plain the brown hills rise in irregular masses, the ground being much broken by ravines. To the south we saw at the distance of six or seven leagues Monte Cayo lifting its head to the clouds.

Tudela is the second city of Navarra. It is a bishop's see, and contains 7000 souls. The Gothic cathedral possesses nothing curious; the architecture is heavy, and marred by a brick steeple similar to those we had observed on most of the churches which we passed on our way through Aragon. The houses also are of brick. The streets are ill built and narrow, except that which leads to a handsome stone bridge across the Ebro. One arch of this (next the town) was destroyed early in the war, and

SPANISH SCENERY.

being restored with timber, had been recently broken down by the French General Clausel, on his retreat from Logrono. The castle, which stands on a hill, was blown up by Mina a few months before. Tudela has some trade in cloth, wine, and other articles, but is much impoverished by the war. We found here a garrison, consisting of four battalions of the Duke del Parque's army, the rest being employed in the blockade of Pamplona. They are uncommonly fine troops, under the command of General Ferras, who received us with all the politeness of a Spaniard, and sent his brigade major to show us the field of battle, a mile from the town, where General Castaños was defeated in 1808, by Marshal Mortier, with the loss of 8000 men. The Spanish army was more numerous, but very ill disciplined; and the enemy having turned their flank, they were beaten in detail. We saw many bones of the slain still scattered on the ground.

The Spanish general having invited us to dinner, we sat down at two o'clock (the usual hour) with him and the officers of his staff. They gave us many interesting particulars of the military operations in which they had been engaged. One of them had lost an eye in the defence of Zaragoza, and the general himself had shared in the battle of Tudela.



From an Original Sketch by J. H. Fisher, F. R. S.

Drawn and Engraved by C. Hullmandel.

NOAIN.

London. Publ^d by J. Murray Skinner & Co. Dec^r 18. 1823.
Printed by C. Hullmandel.

SPANISH SCENERY.

NOAIN.

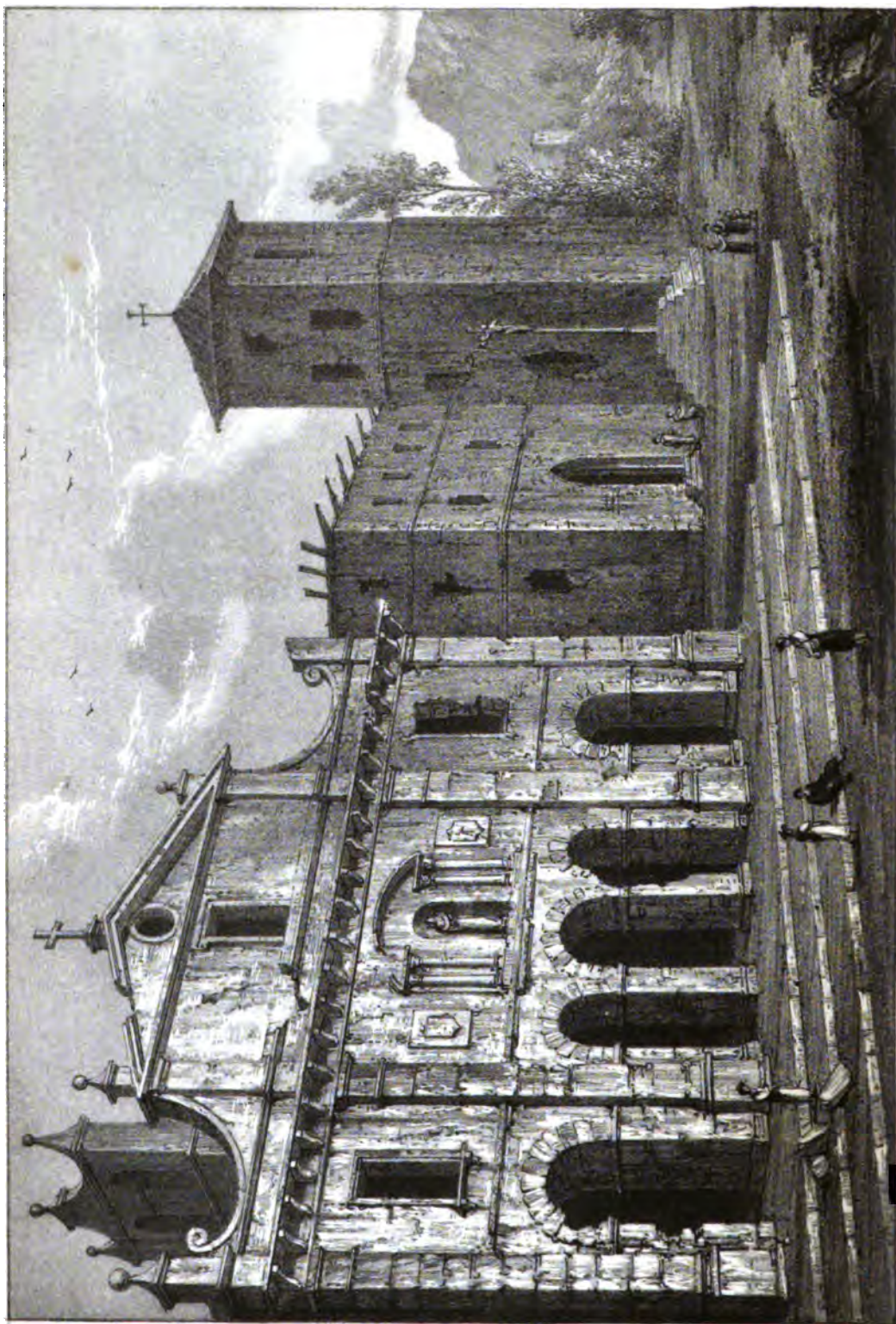
NAVARRA.

WE quitted Tafalla somewhat late, the muleteers trying our patience with various delays for two hours after we were ready. The mountains towards which we directed our course were highly beautiful, and the valleys rich and well cultivated. Much of the land was disposed in vineyards, the rest had been covered with corn, and now lay fallow. We passed through two or three small hamlets, and had a sight of Pamplona from one of the hills. We came next to Noain, a pretty village on the banks of the Arga, with a bridge, and a ruined church on the high ground above it. While sketching it from the back of my mule, the jade perceived me fully occupied, and instantly darted off at full speed into a ploughed field, where she practised a variety of evolutions which quickly unseated me, but without much mischief.

Within a league of Pamplona we found a party of Spanish soldiers busily engaged in constructing a small battery on the road side; and by their direction we struck off on the right for the headquarters of Don Carlos de España, who now commanded the blockading army, the Conde de Abisbal having been ordered to rejoin Lord Wellington. We had brought an introduction from General Ferras to Colonel Baniello, chief of the staff, whom

SPANISH SCENERY.

we found at the little village of Barustuain, which is only remarkable for its mineral springs. He received us with much courtesy, seated us at his table with three other Spanish officers, and ordered quarters for us in a neighbouring cottage, as wretched as that which he himself occupied. We were received there but rudely by an ancient landlady, until she found we were English, when an orderly dragoon, belonging to one of our own regiments, immediately gave up his apartment to us. From the adjacent heights we had a fine prospect of Pamplona and the surrounding plain. The Spanish troops were seen huddled upon their several positions, and field works thrown up on all sides with abatis and every other impediment to the escape of the garrison. Our colonel told us, that the French had already mined the works preparatory to a grand attempt to cut their way through the Spanish troops, who had orders to give no quarter; and when we shuddered at this, he stated, that it is contrary to the rules of war to destroy the fortifications (as the enemy had openly avowed), after Lord Wellington had fought a battle for the place. They had already been repulsed with considerable loss in two or three spirited sorties. Their garrison was now reduced to about 3000 men, and the inhabitants scarcely exceeded a like number, a large proportion having quitted Pamplona previous to its being invested. Happy indeed were they who had forsaken the town, for they escaped the severe privations which their fellow-citizens were now compelled to endure.



Drawn and Engraved by H. W. Marshall, R.S.A.

CONVENTO DE LA CONFESION . TAFALLA.

From an original sketch by H. W. Marshall, R.S.A.

SPANISH SCENERY.

TAFALLA.

NAVARRA.

ON our way from Tudela we took refuge from a thunder-storm at the little town of Arguedas, where we were hospitably entertained by the priest. Next morning we came to Valtierra, beyond which we entered upon a dreary uncultivated country, extending nearly to Caparossa. A French servant whom we had hired at Zaragoza told us that on this road, four years before, his companion was murdered, and he himself narrowly escaped from a desperate banditti that lay concealed in the adjacent hills. We, however, passed unmolested. Caparossa overlooks a beautiful valley, watered by the river Aragon, which we crossed by a fine modern bridge of eleven arches. Another tract of barren country brought us to the little town of Olite. Tafalla makes a fine appearance on this approach. It stands amidst gardens and vineyards on the little river Cidaros, by which they are irrigated. The town is considerable; the Plaza major is handsome, but most of the streets are crooked. The castle and ancient walls, flanked by massive square towers, overgrown with ivy, have a picturesque appearance. Some fine convents at the entrance of the place had been entirely destroyed by the French. Our progress into Navarra already confirmed the account we had heard of the universal fondness for armorial bearings, which all

SPANISH SCENERY.

travellers have noticed. Not a house of any appearance either in the towns or villages, but exhibits a pompous coat of arms above the door, to prove the nobility of the owner. In a population of 250,000 inhabitants in this province, they reckon no less than 13,000 *nobles*. Many a doubloon is expended in these carvings on the front of the family mansion, whose tenants are starving within. I was told that in the principality of Asturias those who boast of noble blood are still more numerous than in Navarra, and nothing can be more ludicrous than the obstinacy with which these claims are asserted. Throughout Spain, indeed, the love of hereditary honours is one of the greatest impediments to national improvement, nourishing that habitual indolence, which, under a wretched government, has thrown this fine people two centuries behind the rest of Europe. The effect is not only injurious to them individually, but every Hidalgo (*son of something*) insists upon rights and exemptions injurious to the community. The grandees of Spain glory in their absurd privilege of remaining covered in the presence of the sovereign; nay, the Duke of Altmira claims it in presence of the Host! This distinction of the *hat*, while it fosters the pride and ignorance of the possessor, has introduced a fatal custom among the higher nobility of contracting marriages for their children while infants, with a view of accumulating these hats among a few powerful families, who disdain alliance with those who cannot prove their rank (male and female) for at least four generations, *nobles de quadro Costados*.



From an Original Sketch by J. H. Lockhart, Esq.

PAMPLONA.
London. Published by J. Murray, Albemarle St. - March 18 1834.
Printed by C. Hullmandel.

Drawn on Stone by W. Marshall, A. R. S.

SPANISH SCENERY.

PAMPLONA.

NAVARRA.

WE left the head-quarters of the blockading army at sunrise, and a mile from thence found ourselves very close to Pamplona, of which we had a distinct view. At the hazard of being seized as a spy, I could not resist the temptation of making a sketch, and for this purpose concealed myself in a vineyard, lest I should be detected by the Spanish patrols—while my companion and the servants moved forward with the mules through the town of Villaba, whither I followed them on foot, and soon overtook them. Our road now began to wind among the hills, as we entered the lower Pyrenees, and in a short time we lost sight of Pamplona.

This ancient city was founded by Pompey, from whom it derived the name of Pompeiopolis. It stands on a rising ground, amidst an extensive plain, which is bounded by lofty hills too distant to command it. The river Arga bathes its walls, forming almost a crescent on the northern side, on which there are three bridges. It is a regular fortification of great strength, being considered the principal frontier defence towards the western Pyrenees, as the fortress of Figueras is, in like manner, the barrier of the eastern entrance into Spain, on the side of the Mediterranean. The citadel was built by Philip II. It has five bastions, to which the principal streets lead from the centre of the town. As the capital of Na-

SPANISH SCENERY.

varra, this city is the residence of the viceroy, the bishop, the king's lieutenant, and other great officers of the province. Of the interior I can say nothing from personal observation, the place being in possession of the enemy; but I was told that we lost little by the exclusion.

After the battle of Vittoria (three months before) Joseph Buonaparte fled precipitately to Pamplona, and during a short halt, he was urged by a council of war to blow up the works as untenable, and withdraw the garrison for want of supplies: but he had the resolution to resist this advice, and having raised a forced contribution from the neighbouring inhabitants, he left 4000 men in the place, retreating with the rest of his troops towards Bayonne, where he deputed to his generals the defence of a line of positions on the frontier, from which they were successively driven. During these operations Lord Wellington confided the blockade of Pamplona to the Spaniards. The garrison indulged sanguine hopes of succour, from the attempt of Marshal Soult to recover Spain by one grand concentrated operation. This was defeated at the decisive battle of Sorauren on the 28th July, and the Conde de España had now so effectually cut off the communication with the neighbouring country, that the garrison was reduced to half rations, and the inhabitants were compelled to kill horses and mules for their support; so that after experiencing the severest privations, the French were forced to capitulate, and opened their gates to the Spanish army a few days after our departure.



PTRENNER

From the Original Sketch by E.H. Lister F.R.S.

SORAUREN.
Field of Battle.

Drawn on Stone by J.D. Harding.

SPANISH SCENERY.

THE FIELD OF SORAUREN.

NAVARRA.

THE sight of this memorable spot called up a crowd of thoughts; among which the recent triumph of the allies was overborne by the reflection, that thousands, who perished in that encounter, were then mouldering beneath our feet. It is scarcely possible to survey such a field of blood without that deep depression of spirit, which the emblems of death seldom fail to produce, under circumstances less appalling than those presented to our view on the heights of Sorauren, where the half-buried soldier was yet visible in his grave, and many a weather-beaten corse, despoiled of its habiliments, lay exposed on the craigs, still tainting the air with its effluvia. As we wandered over this scene of horror, I observed to my companion, "how graceful is the attitude of death!" Though the bodies which lay on the ground exhibited every variety of posture, there was not one but would have served as a model to the tragedian or the sculptor.

The battle of Sorauren was one of a series of actions which took place in the month of July, 1813, when the French made a desperate effort to recover the ground which had been lost after the battle of Vitoria. For this object Buonaparte had recalled Marshal Soult from the army in Germany, and invested him with the rank of Lieutenant de L'Empereur. He was considered the ablest of his generals, and exerted

SPANISH SCENERY.

his utmost abilities to fulfil the behest of his unworthy master. Availing himself of the absence of Lord Wellington, then occupied with the siege of San Sebastian, he attacked the right of our line at Roncesvalles, under Sir Rowland Hill, who, though joined soon after by Sir Thomas Picton, found it necessary to fall back in the direction of Pamplona, then blockaded by the Conde de Abisbal, who was immediately ordered up to their support with 10,000 men; and Lord Wellington, resuming the command, led the army once more to victory. The centre of the French line occupied the village of Sorauren in front of the allies, whose right wing rested on the height distinguished by the ruins of a little chapel. From this position the enemy attempted to dislodge a battalion of Portuguese; but being supported by the brigade of General Ross, they gallantly resisted the attack. It was deemed, however, so important, that another furious attempt was made by the French, who for a moment succeeded; but being reinforced, the allies drove them down the hill at the point of the bayonet, and closed the contest by this brilliant action.

The allied army being now concentrated, the situation of Soult became critical; he sent off his artillery to the frontier, and on the following day made a final attack upon all our divisions; which completely failing, he himself retired by the pass of Donna Maria; while Lord Wellington, by a parallel movement, pushed after him by the pass of Velate, and thus obtained possession of the Line of the Bidassoa.



PASS OF VELATE

SPANISH SCENERY.

PUERTO DE VELATE.

NAVARRA.

THIS celebrated pass lies on the route through the Western Pyrenees leading from Pamplona towards the valley of Bastan. On quitting the field of battle at Sorauren, (where we lingered with an interest peculiar to the spot so recently distinguished by the victory of the allied army), we entered the mountainous region, advancing by a constant, but pretty easy ascent for some leagues. Magnificent woods spread on all sides, through which appeared, at intervals, huge masses of gray rock. Our road lay through Ortiz, Lanz, and two or three other villages, and gradually became more steep and difficult as we advanced. We passed Velate, consisting only of a few houses, and at length reached the summit of the range of mountains which extend on the right to Roncesvalles, and on the left almost to the sea. From this elevation we enjoyed one of the most splendid views imaginable: beneath our feet lay the deep and dangerous pass of Velate; before us, spread to an immense distance, the lovely valley of Bastan—the Bidassoa winding on the left towards the distant town of St. Estevan. The prospect on the north and east was bounded by the lofty chain of mountains which forms this part of the French frontier. The scene was too vast to be comprised in a sketch, but, within the Puerto, we

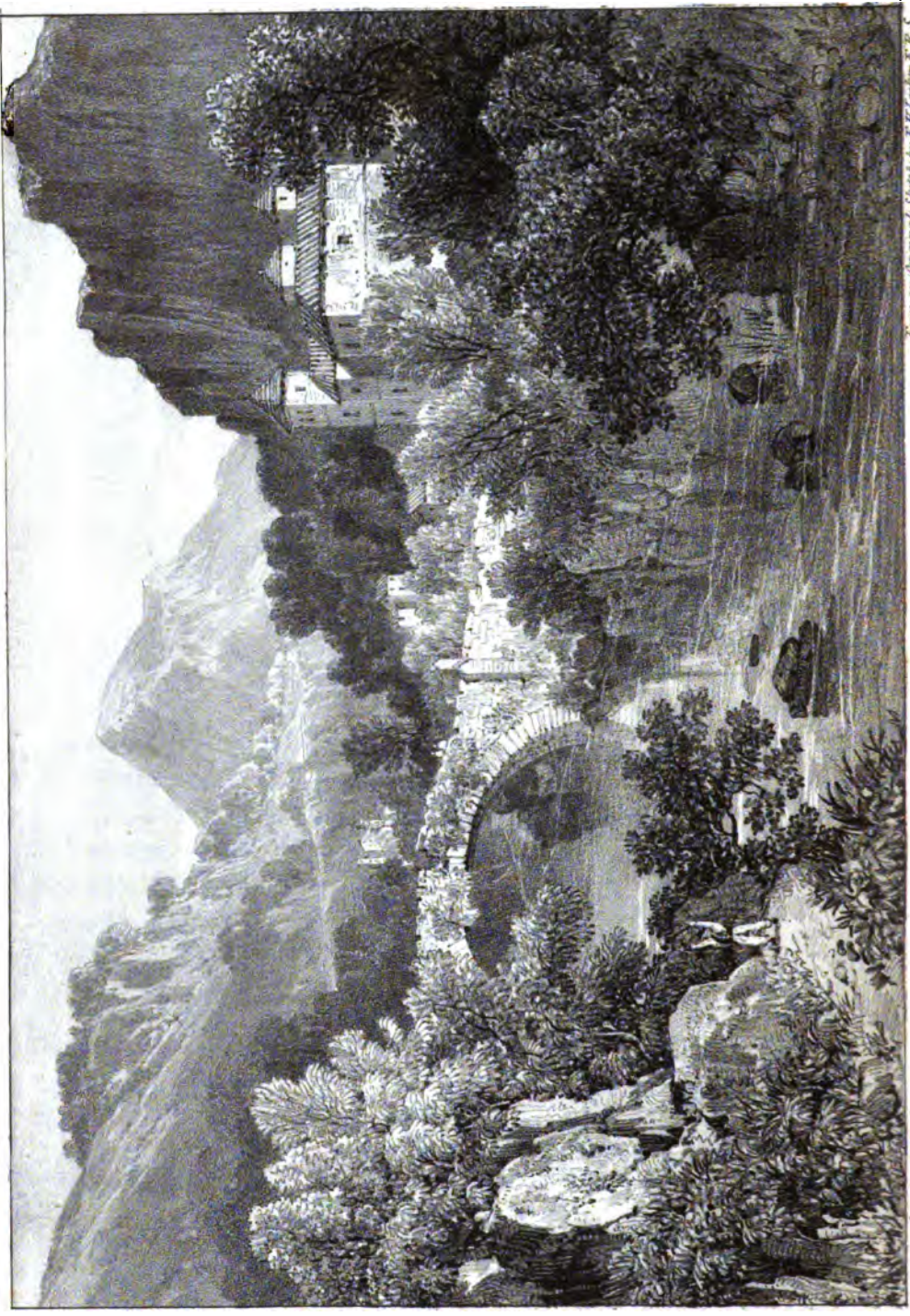
SPANISH SCENERY.

found several beautiful points of view, one of which is represented in the annexed drawing.

The whole line of road which we travelled this day was marked by the wreck of the retreating army of Marshal Soult: numberless carcasses of mules and horses, which had perished from fatigue, tainted the air: and fragments of tumbrils, arms, and baggage, lay scattered in the way. At a turn of the road, a heavy English gun had fallen over the precipice; and on looking down, we saw it lying amidst the artillery drivers and horses, who were dashed to pieces in the fall.

The tranquil sublimity of the prospect around us formed a striking contrast to the busy reflections which these reliques suggested:—the footsteps of thousands of fugitives and their pursuers were still visible on the ground we trode; but the clamour and the tumult had passed away—no sound was now heard but the peaceful tramp of our mules, the jingle of their bells, and the song of the arriero; except at intervals the echo of the distant cannonade of Pamplona, which was borne upon the breeze, reminding us that we were still traversing the seat of war.

NAVARRA.



From an Original Sketch by H. Lindley F.R.S.

Engraved on Stone by J. Dalziel

COHAWA. ON THE BIDAHOA.

SPANISH SCENERY.

COHAYA.

NAVARRA.

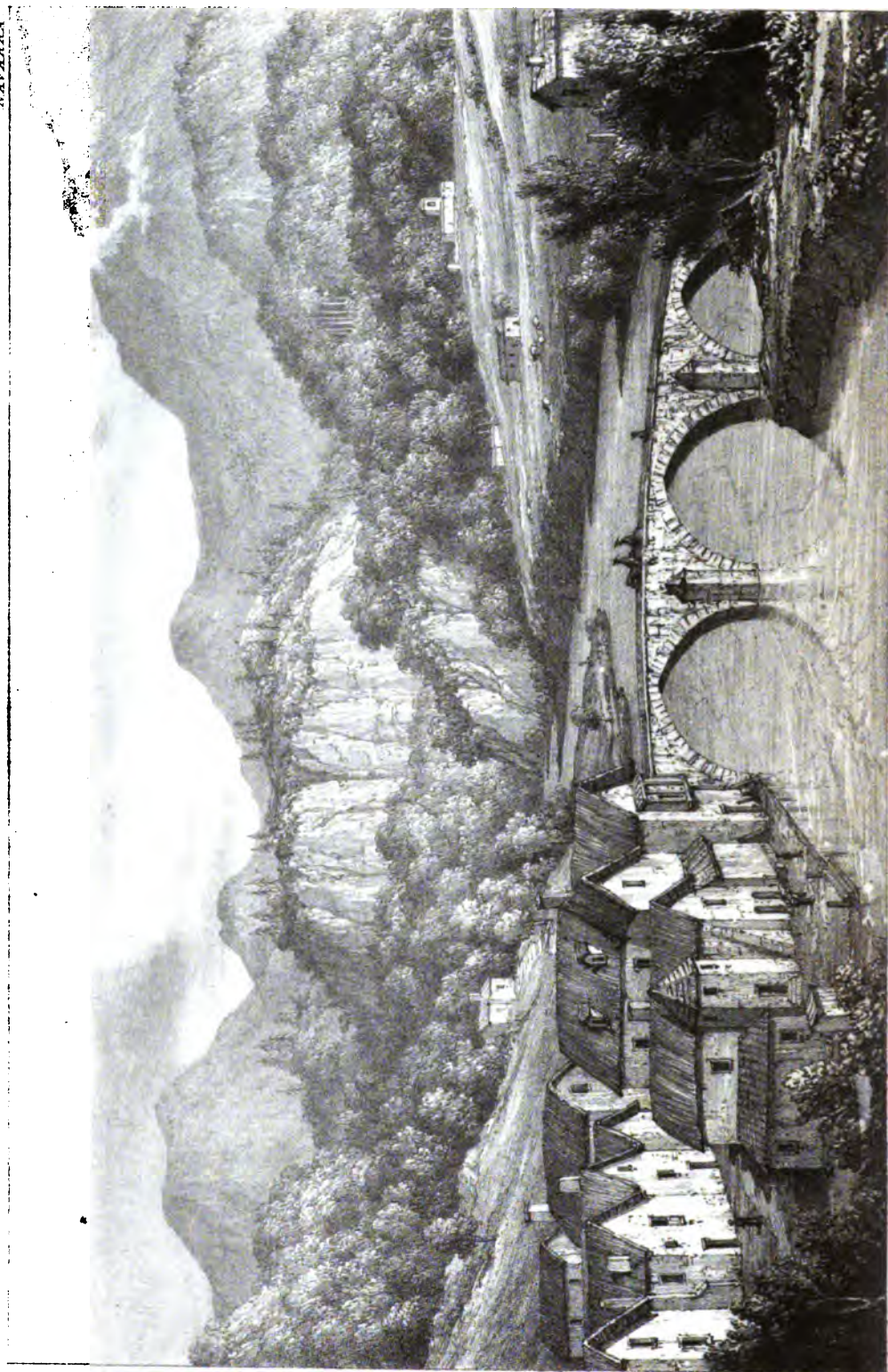
IN choosing our route through the Pyrenees by the pass of Velate, we felt considerable reluctance in leaving unexplored the beautiful valley of Bastan, with all its lovely scenery; and, still further on the right, Roncesvalles, celebrated in romance and song, where, according to the Spanish legends, "Charlemain with all his peerage fell;" though Milton says, "by Fuenterrabia," forty miles distant. The French historians indeed discredit the whole tale, assuring us he fell not in battle with the Saracens, but that he died full of years and honours in his own dominions. Upon this interesting ground lay encamped the right wing of the allied army, under Sir Rowland (now Lord) Hill, which we much desired to see; but the season was so far advanced, that we were compelled to push forward to Lord Wellington's head-quarters at Vera, as the greatest part of the tour was still to be performed.

After surmounting the pass of Velate, we reached Almandoz, half a league beyond, towards the close of evening, having enjoyed the finest day imaginable for viewing the magnificent scenery. On our arrival we were conducted to a large house called the *Palace*, where we were received as usual with much welcome. We were struck with the appearance of the villagers, who wear a blue bonnet precisely like

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that of our Scottish Highlanders, and a cloak and belt arranged in a manner which increased the resemblance. The women appeared in a blue hood, made like a petticoat, falling over the shoulders to the waist; a laced bodice, with tight sleeves fastened at the wrist; a short petticoat, and high-heeled shoes, completed their attire. Early next morning we pursued our journey through a country abounding with the same fine scenery which had afforded us so much delight the preceding day.

At the distance of little more than a league we reached Cohaya, a romantic little village, beautifully seated at the foot of stupendous heights which rise on either side of it. Between these a small clear mountain stream winds its course to join the Bidasoa, and is lost behind the intervening hills, which appear in the distance of the accompanying drawing. A venerable building, with a monastic air, overlooks the rivulet, embosomed in rich foliage, concealing most of the dwellings of this peaceful hamlet, two or three-roofs only peeping out at intervals, the clear blue smoke which ascended from the rest curling among the trees behind. The village is connected with the opposite bank by a venerable bridge of one arch, gracefully formed, overgrown with ivy, and mutilated by age, giving it a character in perfect harmony with the surrounding prospect. The stillness of the scene was only disturbed by the rippling of the stream, and the shrill voice of a young goat-herd, calling to his flock, which browsed upon the heights above him.



Drawn on Stone by W. Wood, C. P. A.

From an Original Sketch by J. H. Foster, F.R.S.

SPANISH SCENERY.

SUNBILLA.

NAVARRA.

ON leaving Cohaya we quitted the mountains, and descended towards the Bidassoa, proceeding along its banks to San Estevan, a town of some importance in this remote region. Here we crossed to the right bank, and shortly came to the village of Sunbilla, standing on the margin of the river, across which it has an ancient bridge of three arches. The lands on the other side seemed well cultivated. Above them rose steep rocky hills, in huge masses, intermingled with pine and other trees; and the distance was closed with a lofty range still more elevated. The river, here inconsiderable, gathered several subsidiary streams as it swept along over its rocky bed. We observed four or five picturesque bridges as we pursued our way, which sometimes lay beside the stream, and sometimes mounted the heights, affording us beautiful views of the valley through which it runs. We passed some parties of British infantry, and droves of mules with supplies for the troops; and at length came in sight of Vera, in the midst of a fine valley.

An amateur traveller, who has never visited a great army in the field, may on such an occasion amuse his fancy with a splendid picture of what he is to see; but this will probably be very unlike the reality. The sight indeed was not new to me, but I

SPANISH SCENERY.

was impatient to behold for the first time our illustrious countryman at the head of his victorious army. We were much surprised, on approaching Vera, to perceive no sign whatever of the presence of the commander-in-chief. Not a soldier was to be seen throughout this scattered town; and it was some time before we found even a peasant to direct us to head-quarters. On reaching the house, the only creature we could find was an orderly serjeant, pacing up and down before the door. "Where is the general?" we asked. "Gone to ride." "Where are the officers of his staff?" "All out." "Where are the troops?" "There are none here." "Where is the army?" "Six miles off." All this was quite unexpected. Presently, however, Colonel Campbell appeared; and soon after Lord Wellington rode in, attended by three or four other officers of his staff, all dressed, without distinction, in gray frock coats. He received us with much courtesy, assigned us an apartment in his house, and invited us to be guests of his table while we staid. A courier was under orders for England. I had scarcely sat down to write letters, when I was interrupted by terrible shrieks proceeding from the next house. On running out I learnt it was the hospital. A poor fellow was suffering amputation; and the serjeant coolly observed, "We make little of these noises here, for they are going on all day long." The doors and windows of our quarters were shattered with bullets, for the French had occupied the place but a fortnight before, and some of their dead still lay unburied on the heights.

NATURAL



Drawn on Stone by W. Marshall R.S.A.

From an Original Sketch by E.H. Lockyer F.R.S.

V E R R A

London: Published by J. Murray, Aldemarle St. Sep. 15. 1824.
Printed by C. Bulmer and Co.

SPANISH SCENERY.

VERA.

NAVARRA.

THE beautiful situation of this little town, scattered along the valley of the Bidassoa, would have given it some claim to distinction, even had it not been at this time the residence of Lord Wellington, whose house appears, in the accompanying sketch, adjacent to the church. Being now within reach of the whole allied force, amounting to nearly 90,000 men, I was impatient to behold the relative positions of the hostile armies. Ever since the defeat of the French at the battle of Sorauren, and their subsequent repulse on the heights of San Marcial and Vera, Marshal Soult had been diligently strengthening a line of positions on the Nivelle, extending from St. Jean de Luz on the sea, to the heights of Ainhoe on the west, which presented a formidable barrier to the further progress of the allies.

The morning after my arrival I ascended Monte La Rhune, a league from Vera, to enjoy an uninterrupted view over the whole surrounding country. Before me rose La Petite Rhune, upon which the enemy had thrown up strong entrenchments, the advanced posts of the allies appearing in front, and seen at intervals along the whole line to the right. This noble prospect stretched across into Gascony towards Bayonne, and other distant towns, as far as the eye could reach, while to the left it commanded a view of Irun, Pasages, and San Sebastian. The imme-

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diate scene of the late conflict on the heights of Vera, and a nearer view of the regiments composing the fine division of Sir Lowry Cole, afforded me great additional interest, for it was not possible to look on the faces of these brave men without warm sentiments of gratitude to those who had just reconquered Spain, and were still panting for the completion of their triumph upon French ground.

After remaining three days at Vera, I was now to lose the society of my accomplished companion, Lord John Russell, whose conversation had beguiled many a weary league of our long journey from Tarragona, and whose previous knowledge of the country had proved highly valuable to me as his fellow-traveller. Having received letters requiring his immediate return to England, I left him with very sincere regret at head-quarters, to complete the remainder of my tour alone. During the short period we passed together under Lord Wellington's roof, we were much indebted to his hospitality. Independent of the interest derived from so near a view of the greatest captain of the age, we now saw him to peculiar advantage in the midst of his victorious career, surrounded by those distinguished officers by whom he had been so ably seconded, and intent upon the final operations which shortly after concluded this brilliant campaign.—Before my departure I received a passport from his lordship, in itself a security from all serious difficulties, and some valuable recommendations to Vittoria and Madrid, which rendered the rest of my journey both easy and agreeable.



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From an engraving, dated by J.M.W. Turner 1844

RAIN, STEAM, AND GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY, NEAR ST. ALBANS.
Painted by J.M.W. Turner, 1844.

Painted by J.M.W. Turner, 1844

SPANISH SCENERY.

IRUN.

GUIPUSCOA.

I HAD lingered at Vera with the hope of witnessing a general attack upon the French positions, which the officers of Lord Wellington's staff were then daily expecting. The lofty elevation of Monte La Rhune, which stands on the confines of the two kingdoms, would have afforded us a noble view of the whole scene of action, which was delayed until near three weeks after (10th November), by the long continuance of heavy rains.

About a league from Vera we forded the Bidassoa, which from thence forms the boundary between France and Spain. We continued our journey on the left bank till within a short distance of Irun, when we entered the great road into Spain leading from the bridge which once united the two nations. This was destroyed during the late war, but the fragments are still remaining. The river is fordable, except at high tide, when travellers cross the stream in a ferry-boat. Just below this, it suddenly expands into a noble sheet of water, over which the eye stretches towards the Isle of Conference, Fuenterrabia, and the open sea beyond, and along the fertile enclosures within the French territory seen on the right. The Pyrenees, which here decline into more gentle hills, are clothed with luxuriant verdure; and the rocky sides of the river, above

SPANISH SCENERY.

which they rise, are interspersed with a variety of foliage beautifully reflected in the clear stream of the Bidassoa. We met droves of cattle, and other supplies, proceeding towards the Allied army, and among them several small field-pieces, mounted on the backs of mules, the steep and difficult roads of the country having been so broken up as to be no longer practicable for artillery carriages.

Irun is of little importance, and less interest, except as it is the first town on this approach from France. The streets are crooked and dirty, and the people having been pillaged and re-pillaged by the French soldiers, are wretchedly poor, and reduced to no more than a thousand souls. A division of Spanish troops, which were stationed there to cover the siege of San Sebastian, had suffered severely a little before. But all was now quiet: amidst their numberless privations, they at length enjoyed the assurance of protection, for the whole country was occupied by the British army. The town is not seen in the annexed view, which was sketched at the distance of half a league, overlooking the river, with an encampment of our guards on the high ground. Though pressed for time, I was strongly tempted to abandon my journey to San Sebastian, for the chance of finding among these tents a much valued friend, Colonel Hood of the 3d Guards, little anticipating that I should so soon after have to lament the loss of this gallant and amiable young man, who fell among the last victims of the war at the battle of Orthez.



Drawn and Engraved by H. Russell. A.R.S.

From an Original Sketch by J. H. Locker F.R.S.

FUENTERRABIA.
Pubd. by J. Murray, Albemarle St. June 15. 1824.
Printed by G. Hullmandel

SPANISH SCENERY.

FUENTERRABIA.

GUIPUSCOA.

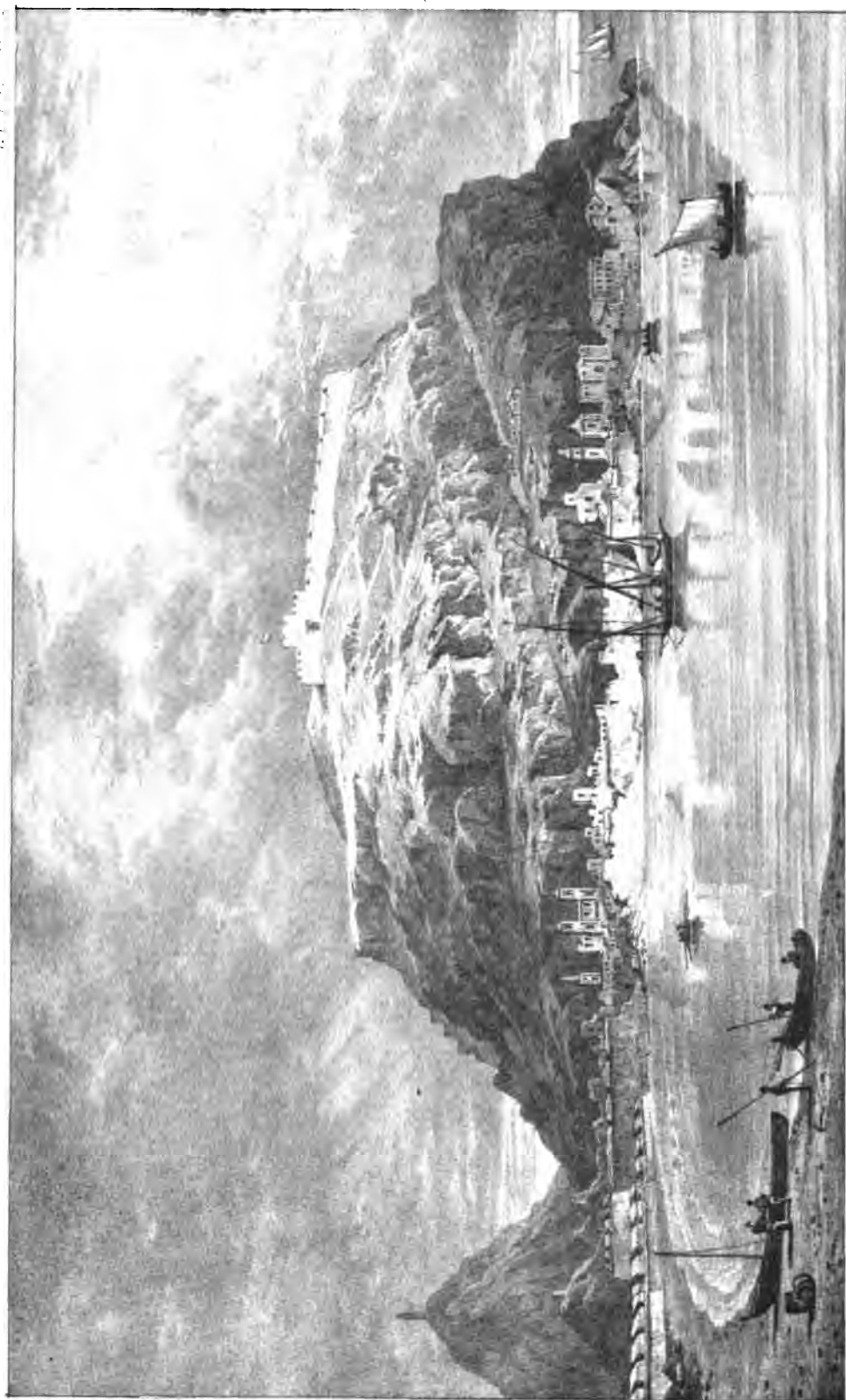
FUENTERRABIA derives its importance solely from situation; being the frontier position towards France. It stands on the side of a steep promontory which forms the termination of the Sierra Jasquevel, being open to the Atlantic on one side, the Bidassoa flowing close to its walls on the other. The city (for it bears this title, though very inconsiderable in extent) is ill-built and inconvenient. It used to enjoy the protection of a regular garrison; being the residence of a governor, a king's lieutenant, and various civil officers. It was strongly fortified, especially towards the sea; but when recovered by the allied army in 1813, the defences were destroyed, lest the French should regain the place during the last contest upon the frontiers.

I had now reached the northern extremity of Guipuscoa, which, though a canton of Biscay, enjoys some of the distinctions of a peculiar province. The ancient Cantabri are still distinguished (as they were two thousand years ago) for their hardy, active, and independent character. Like the Aragonese of old, their notions of royal authority are very limited; for they acknowledge the King of Spain only as *Lord* of Biscay. The Basque or Biscayan language is not intelligible to a polite Castilian, especially the ancient dialect spoken on the borders of the Pyrenees. The

SPANISH SCENERY.

privileges of Biscay were very important: taxation was levied as a free gift; they were exempted from the duties on tobacco, and some other valuable commodities: the public security was guarded by troops raised in the Province, and most of its ancient laws and observances were enjoyed distinct from the jurisdiction of the crown:—of course these were violated by Buonaparte; nor is it to be expected that all their former privileges will ever be restored.

One very striking peculiarity in this province is the equal distribution of its inhabitants: with few exceptions they are not congregated in towns, but dwell in detached houses throughout the country, which give it a very pleasing and lively aspect. The valleys are studded with farm-houses at a small distance from each other, the church commonly occupying the centre of a group. These circles have a sort of federal interest, and are termed *republics*, of which there are not less than a hundred in the province. As the country is a cluster of mountains, this peculiar mode of life has preserved a patriarchal simplicity very favourable to these little societies, thus bonded together by a mutual interest which calls forth some of the best feelings of human nature, and preserves the influence of the domestic affections, the neglect of which is the great cause of demoralization in large towns.



Drawn on Stone by C. Robinson

SAN SEBASTIAN.

London Pub. by Rodwell and Martin; 1 Dow Bond Street Aug. 1. 1853.

Printed by C. Hullman and Co.

From the original taken by G. H. W. P. Esq.

SPANISH SCENERY.

SAN SEBASTIAN.

GUIPUSCOA.

IN our way from Yrun we looked down from the heights upon the town and port of Passages, which was crowded with British transports. The harbour appeared shut in by the steep mountains, which afford a narrow and dangerous entrance from the sea. A league further we approached San Sebastian through an avenue of trees, leading to the wooden bridge over the Urumea, which here falls into the sea. The town lies at the foot of a steep promontory, crested by the citadel: a sandy isthmus connects it with the main. On another hill, on the left of the harbour, stands the light-house.

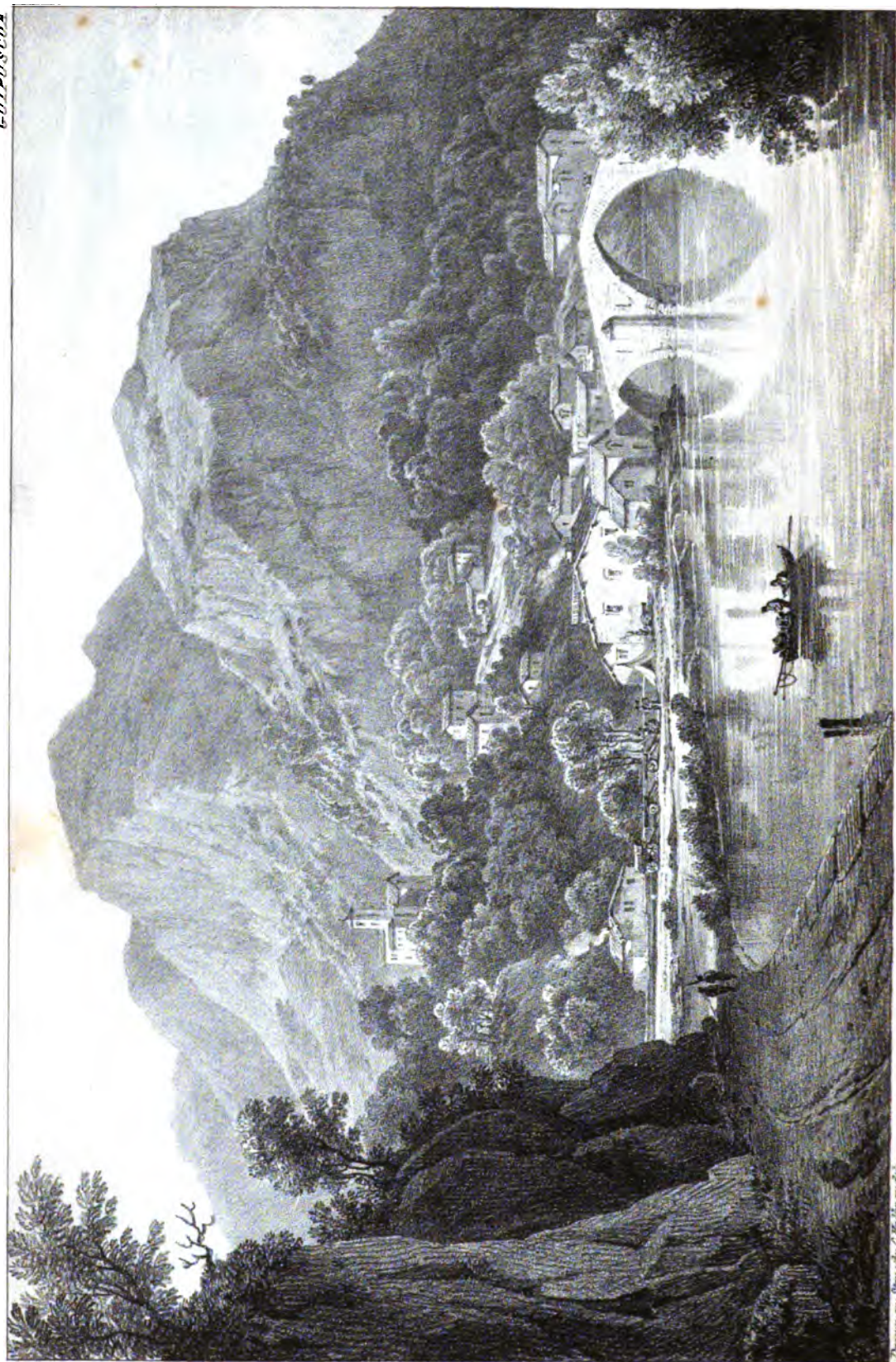
In July 1813, Sir T. Graham, with 10,000 men, invested this important fortress. The English batteries, consisting of twenty guns and twelve mortars, were erected on some sand hills, which enfiladed and took in reverse the front defences. In five days two extensive breaches were made, and on the 25th, 2000 men were ordered to the assault; but after losing 500 of the troops, they were forced back to their trenches.

The operations in the Pyrenees suspended the siege until the end of August, when a heavy train having arrived from England, additional batteries were erected on the Urumea, and re-opened with eighty pieces of ordnance. On the 31st the second assault was given. For two anxious hours every soldier who mounted the breach was swept away: Sir T. Graham

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ordered the artillery to renew the fire upon the breach, close above the heads of his men, who, availing themselves of an accidental explosion, at length carried the retrenchment within, and all the other defences in succession—600 of the garrison were made prisoners, the rest retiring to the citadel. A dreadful scene ensued; the assailants, rendered furious by the obstinate valour of their opponents, committed such atrocities as greatly tarnished their victory. The same day Marshal Soult endeavoured to relieve the garrison, by advancing a strong division against the covering army under General Freyre, who occupied the heights of San Marcial; but the Spaniards drove them back with the bayonet into the Bidassoa. The citadel held out till the 9th September; when the French General, Rey, who had made so heroic a defence, with 1300 men, and 500 sick, surrendered as prisoners of war. In the two assaults our loss exceeded 3700 men.

I had the satisfaction of walking round the ruined ramparts with Sir James Leith, who led the second assault, and was now left in command. He related to me many particulars of the siege on the spot: where fragments of carcasses yet lay unburied; the embrasures were driven in; guns dismounted; shot and broken shells and bayonets strewed about; and the streets choked with the ruined houses, furniture, and military stores. The general offered me quarters for the night; but my muleteers were clamorous to proceed, and I was unwilling to burthen him with my establishment, when the place afforded so little accommodation,



Drawn and Engraved by G. Guthrie & Co.

From an Original Sketch by J. Guthrie & Co.

VILLABONA.

London Pub. by J. Murray, 1840. Price 1/6.

SPANISH SCENERY.

VILLABONA.

GUIPUSCOA.

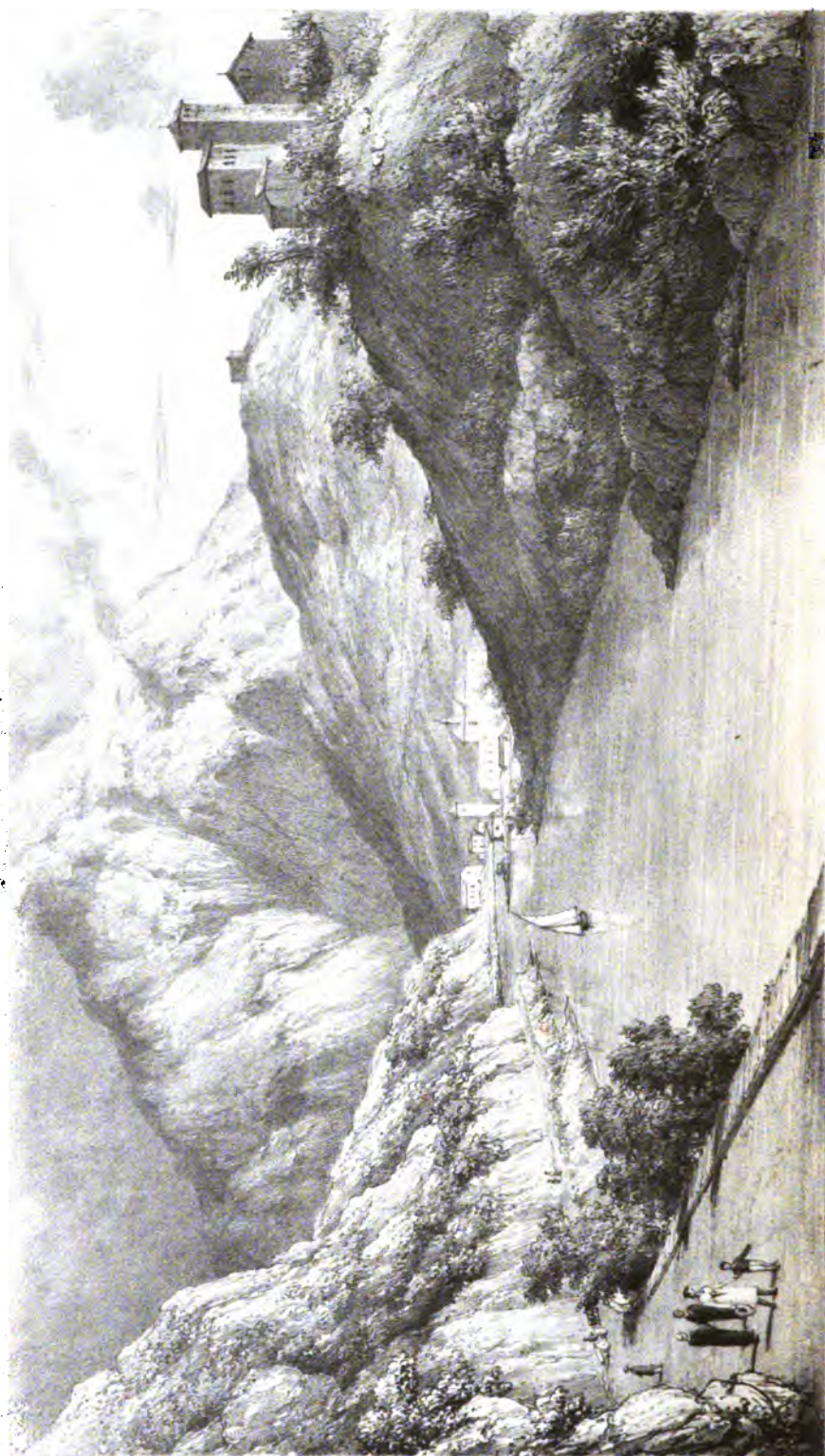
THE rain which had poured down in torrents in the morning cleared away during our halt at San Sebastian, and the return of sunshine threw a glow over the interesting remains of that fortress, which gave uncommon brilliancy to the scene, as we contemplated it for the last time from a hill about half a league distant, which commanded a view of its shattered walls, its citadel above frowning upon the ruins, and the deep blue of the Bay of Biscay spreading beyond it, illuminated by an horizon of the deepest crimson, towards the close of the day. We came to sleep at Ernani, a town of some importance, about a league further, where we were glad to re-enter the Camino Real; for the cross-roads we had travelled were rendered almost impassable by the heavy rains, and by the constant passage of artillery and stores, by which they were quite broken up during the siege.

Ernani is situated on an elevated spot, surrounded by a fine valley, rich in pastures and plantations, inclosed by a circuit of lofty mountains. On presenting myself to the alcalde, he made no demand for my passport, but immediately assigned me good quarters at a fonda (hotel) kept by a voluble Frenchwoman, who appeared all activity and importance, addressing me as *mon General* at every sentence, a title which I suspected my French servant imposed on her as a contrivance to engage her favour. Our

SPANISH SCENERY.

whole party received the benefit of her good offices, for we had all been completely drenched during the day's journey; but none suffered so much as a poor Spanish woman, the wife of an English soldier, with an infant scarce a week old, who rode one of the baggage mules from Vera. On my leaving headquarters, Sir Alexander Gordon had begged this conveyance for her, that she might follow her husband to Vittoria. Notwithstanding her delicate condition, she endured the journey till the third day, when we were compelled to leave her at Salinas quite exhausted by fatigue. One of the muleteers gained my favour by his kindness to this poor creature, carefully wrapping her in his cloak, and carrying her child for half the day, singing and joking as he ran by her side. These people are certainly the merriest fellows in Spain; they pick up a thousand amusing tales as they wander over all parts of the kingdom, and find a sure welcome in every posada.

On leaving Ernani we passed through a country abounding with fine scenery, the road winding among the hills, and for a considerable distance skirting the banks of the Orrea. The approach to Villabona, which stands on this river, afforded me the accompanying sketch. The place is small, and scattered over a rising ground, below which lies the village green, then occupied by a brigade of English guns, which had just halted there. An antique bridge of three arches is thrown across the Orrea, a steep mountain of picturesque form rising beyond it, the rocky face of which being gray and rugged, formed a fine background to the scene.



Engraved from the original sketch by F. H. Lockett, F.R.S.

T O L O S A .

London: Published by H. Colburn and Son, Strand, No. 10, 1823.

SPANISH SCENERY.

TOLOSA.

GUIPUSCOA.

THE approach to this town is exceedingly interesting, the road running by the side of the little river Orria, which falls into the Bay of Biscay about six leagues to the north, not far from San Sebastian.

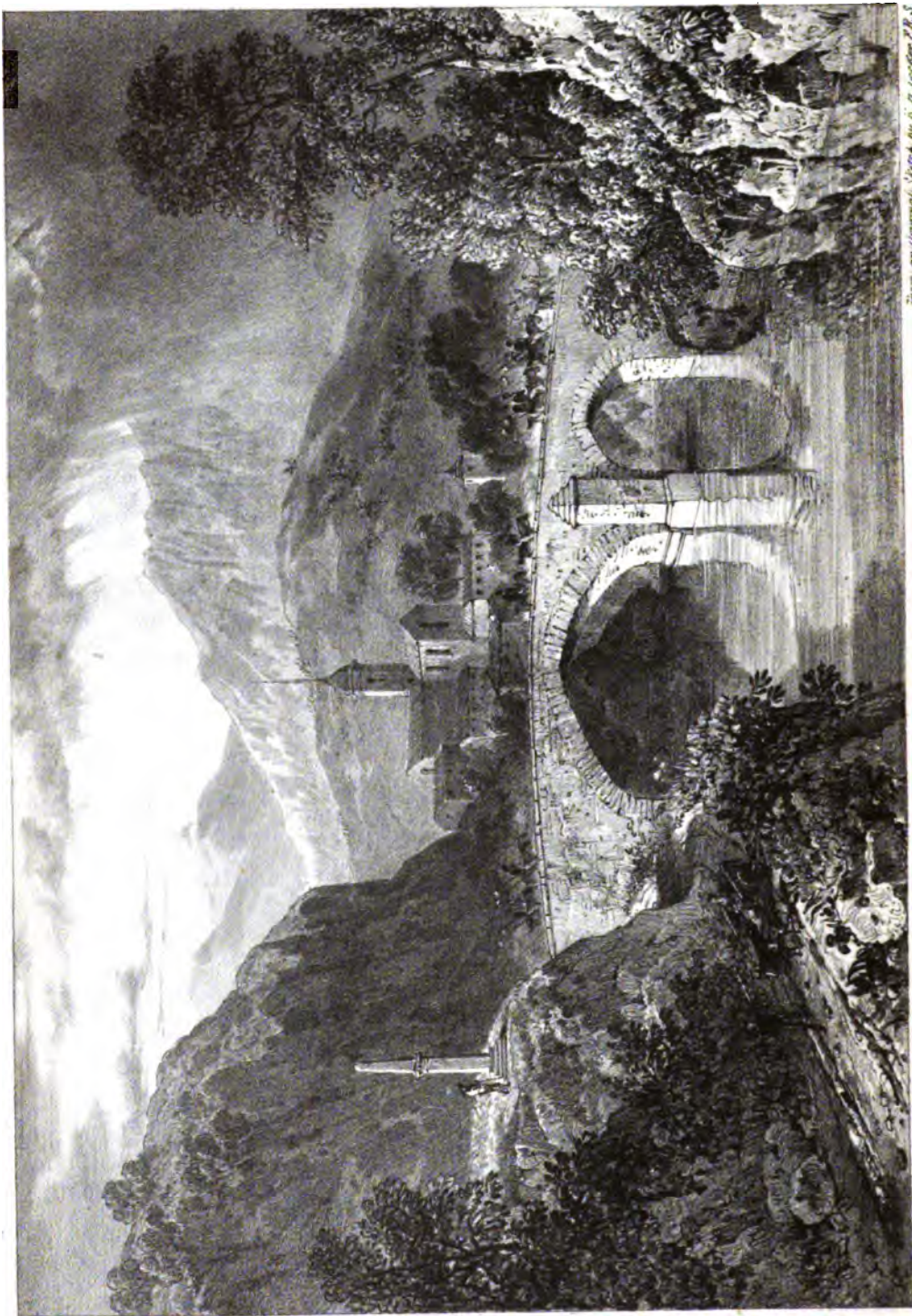
The valley in which it is situated spreads before the eye in great luxuriance, backed by a lofty mountain at no great distance. The town stands on the confluence of the Orria and the Araxes, a beautiful stream, which is crossed by a handsome bridge. Tolosa was founded in the thirteenth century by Alphonso the Wise, and is now considered the capital of Guipuscoa.—The population amounts to about 4,000 souls. It is of considerable extent, tolerably clean, and well paved. The church, as usual, is the most ornamental edifice; and excepting two inconsiderable convents, there are no other public buildings of importance. I had heard much at head quarters of the beauty of the females of this province; and it happening to be fair day, an opportunity was afforded me of confirming these reports in their favour. The road was thronged with the peasantry from the neighbouring villages, laden with their various supplies for the market. They were dressed in their gayest attire; that of the females being exceedingly pretty. There is a national gracefulness in the gait of all Spanish women which is very striking to a foreigner; and the natives of

SPANISH SCENERY.

Guipuscoa, in addition to this advantage, exhibit a freshness of complexion not commonly seen in the southern provinces. This bloom is often heightened by a cluster of dark ribbons that play about the forehead, the hair behind being nicely braided ; and over this appears a smart handkerchief very tastefully arranged.

The dress consists of a white jacket with sleeves, sometimes trimmed with gilt or silver buttons. They wear a laced stomacher in front, and a short light petticoat beneath ; and to set off the whole, they display a profusion of ear-rings and necklaces, which add not a little splendour to their appearance. The men, though handsome, tall, and stout, appeared by their side to some disadvantage. The prevailing fashion of the brown cloak and breeches, a slouched hat and loose leggins of striped stuff, cross gartered in a clumsy manner, gives them an awkward look, and would effectually conceal the symmetry of an Apollo.

Tolosa has a manufactory of arms ; in addition to which, they make here many other articles of hardware, but the constant passage of the French armies to the frontier has greatly impoverished these and other resources of the inhabitants ; though they still maintain an appearance superior to most other towns in this country.



Drawn on Stone by J. D. Harding

From an Original Sketch by J. D. Harding R.S.

VILLA FRANCA.
London Pub'd by Rodwell and Martin, New Bond St. Sep'r 15. 1833.
Printed by C. Hullmandel

SPANISH SCENERY. .

VILLA FRANCA.

GUIPUSCOA.

ON leaving Tolosa, I had intended to turn off the great road, to visit the celebrated convent of Aspeytia, reputed the first of the Jesuits in Spain, but was deterred by the reports of the muleteers, as to the badness of the way and the length of the digression. We passed through the village of Alegria, where I observed a considerable depôt of British artillery, and next came to the town of Villa Franca. It is beautifully situated on the banks of the Orria, which are steep and rocky. The road crosses an ancient bridge, which, like others we had previously passed, is of picturesque form. Trees of various foliage clothed the steeps on either side, and the scene is closed by the lofty gray mountains seen in the distance:—many iron works and water mills are erected on the river-side; the mill dams presenting several little water-falls, which much enlivened the landscape. There is nothing curious to be seen in Villa Franca: the church is the only building which lifts its head above the rest; upon this the inhabitants have, as usual, lavished most of their superfluous wealth. And it does them honour; for their example would put to shame many wealthier towns in England, where the parish church is permitted to decay for lack of that popular reverence for places of worship which our travellers abroad have been too ready to deride as superstition.

SPANISH SCENERY.

After leaving Tolosa, we saw few people on the road, but we met many droves of cattle destined for the army, and a number of the wretched little carts, drawn by two oxen, common to this province, which exactly resemble those vehicles of Homeric antiquity still to be found on the plain of Troy, as represented by Dr. Clarke. They are of very rude fabric, consisting of a large wicker basket placed on wooden trucks which make an incessant squeaking and groaning, the echo of which resounds far and wide. The drivers pretend that this din, so intolerable to ears polite, is the delight of the sluggish animals which drag them along. They draw by the horns, bearing the weight of the pole by a bar placed across the neck; which, besides galling them cruelly, is certainly a very inconvenient mode of applying their strength. The driver goes slouching on before them, busy with his cigarre, now and then poking them over the head with a long stick, with which he directs their progress.



From the 'Field of Battle' by E. H. B. L. L. L.

VICTORIA.

Field of Battle.

London. Pub. by Richard and Marion, New Bond, St. Sep. 15 1823.
Printed by C. Halliwell.

Engraved and Coloured by W. Marshall, L.R.A.

SPANISH SCENERY.

VITTORIA.—FIELD OF BATTLE.

ALAVA.

THE heart of an Englishman beats with unusual vivacity as he approaches Vittoria. Every object reminds him of the triumph of his countrymen, while imagination is busy, repeopling the plain with the crowd of combatants, who, only a few months before my visit, had mingled in the desperate strife of arms on the soil still imprinted with their struggles. Fragments of weapons and accoutrements remained upon the field, and here and there a broken caisson, or a gun-carriage, showed the track of the retreating army. Vittoria makes a handsome appearance on this approach, standing elevated above the plain, the Zadorra winding in front. On the left of the road, before I entered the city, my attention was attracted by a park of artillery, consisting of 150 pieces of cannon, taken from the French, together with an immense quantity of baggage-waggons, and other vehicles, among which were the whole of the ex-King Joseph's carriages, containing all his portable plunder. Several of these were shot through, and all in a crazy state. He had a narrow escape; for a British officer of cavalry had his hand on the door of his carriage, when Joseph bolted from the other, and mounting a horse, fled for his life.

On my arrival, General Alava (the friend and companion of Lord Wellington) received me with

SPANISH SCENERY.

much attention. He had recently arrived here to complete his nuptials with a lady to whom he had been long betrothed, and to recover possession of his estates, which had been five years in the hands of the French. He made my short visit very agreeable; and, on my departure, gave me letters for Burgos and Madrid, which proved very useful to me.

Vittoria, as the capital of Alava, is of considerable dimensions. The old town is ill-built and irregular; but that part which is of modern erection is well constructed of free-stone, and reminded me of Bath. One side of the principal square is occupied by the town-hall: it has an arcade, with shops all round, a terrace above, and a handsome fountain in the middle. From thence extends a spacious alameda, which in the evening was thronged with well-dressed people. The general sent his aide-de-camp to show me a beautiful picture by Murillo (the Descent from the Cross) in the church of Santa Maria. I found another church (entirely dismantled) tenanted by 600 wounded soldiers, English and French. The rest had been removed.

In my walk I came suddenly upon a group of fine young women, dancing down the street to the music of a pipe and tabor. They were exceedingly well dressed, and danced with much grace, stopping at intervals to change the step from slow to a quick movement. My chief surprise was, that this lively exhibition produced little sensation among the bystanders, until, on inquiry, I learnt that it is an ancient custom in this province, and accompanies most of their public festivals.



From the Director: Richard H. Locker F.R.S.

LA PUERRIA.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not a fan of the new one either.

Drawn on Stone by H. W. Kern. 2 K. 1

SPANISH SCENERY.

LA PUEBLA DE ARLANZON.

ALAVA.

ON leaving Vitoria, we entered upon the plain which immediately surrounds it, to the extent of many leagues; the road, for some distance, skirted by rows of trees, and thence leading into a district more rugged and unequal. Many vestiges of the late battle were yet strewn about, and marked the progress of the allied army as they pressed forward upon Vitoria. The broken ground (impracticable to cavalry) presented many strong positions, from which nothing but the most persevering gallantry could have driven their antagonists; who being posted behind the Zadorra (which is not fordable), might probably have maintained themselves against their utmost efforts, had they not neglected to destroy the several bridges by which our divisions advanced against their whole line in succession, and finally drove them from all their defences.

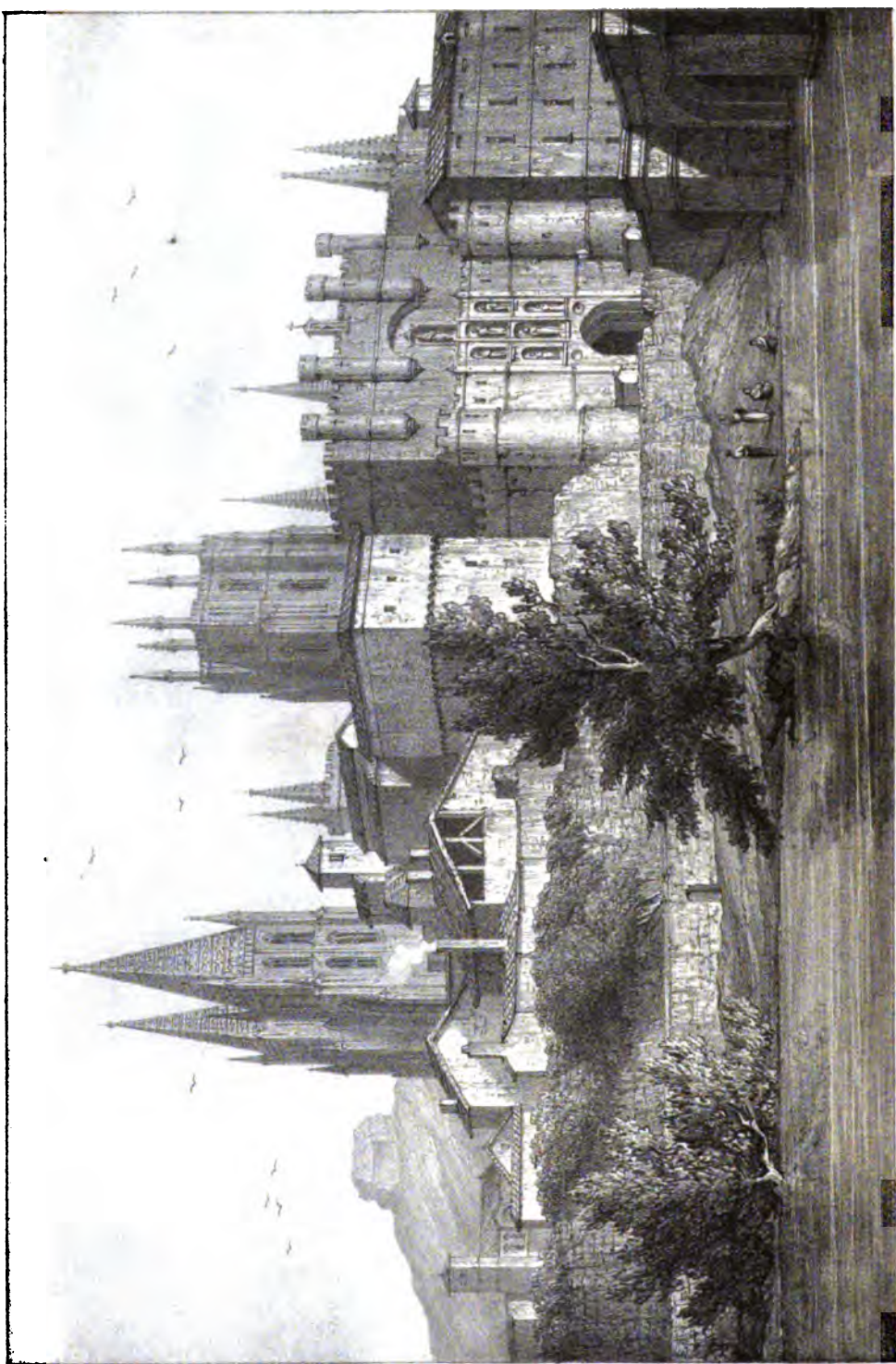
At the distance of a league from Vitoria, the road meets the Zadorra, and runs by its side to Puebla de Arlanzon, a pretty village, standing at the foot of the picturesque heights which rise abruptly behind it. It was here that Sir Rowland Hill commenced the attack; and although the French division which opposed him soon gave way, a long and obstinate conflict was maintained for the possession of the neighbouring village of Subijana de Alva, from

SPANISH SCENERY.

whence the enemy was not dislodged without great slaughter.

The approach to La Puebla (village) is very pleasing. Though an inconsiderable place, it presents a favourable specimen of the numerous little hamlets which are scattered over this part of Alava. The province, being a division of Biscay, is of no great extent, its form triangular, containing about 75,000 inhabitants. Though much diversified with mountains and plains, it is the most fertile district of the whole. Agriculture is the principal occupation of the people, who supply many thousand fanegas of wheat and maize annually to Guipuscoa and Biscay Proper, the more rugged nature of which is ill suited to the cultivation of grain. The fields of maize at this time (October) were just reaped, and the ground littered with the long leaves, which while standing have a picturesque appearance. Where the soil is stiff, the plough is commonly laid aside, and the tillage is managed by the *laya* (a fork with two long prongs), the labourers standing together in a line, each holding one of these instruments in the right hand; while with the other he leans on the next man, and presses down the fork with the foot: thus they raise together one huge clod, which is afterwards broken with a mallet by those who follow.

1744



Engraved by J. Smith from a drawing by W. Verelst

W. H. H. H.

London: Printed by J. Murray, St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1744.
Printed by J. Murray

Printed by J. Murray

SPANISH SCENERY.

BURGOS.

OLD CASTILE.

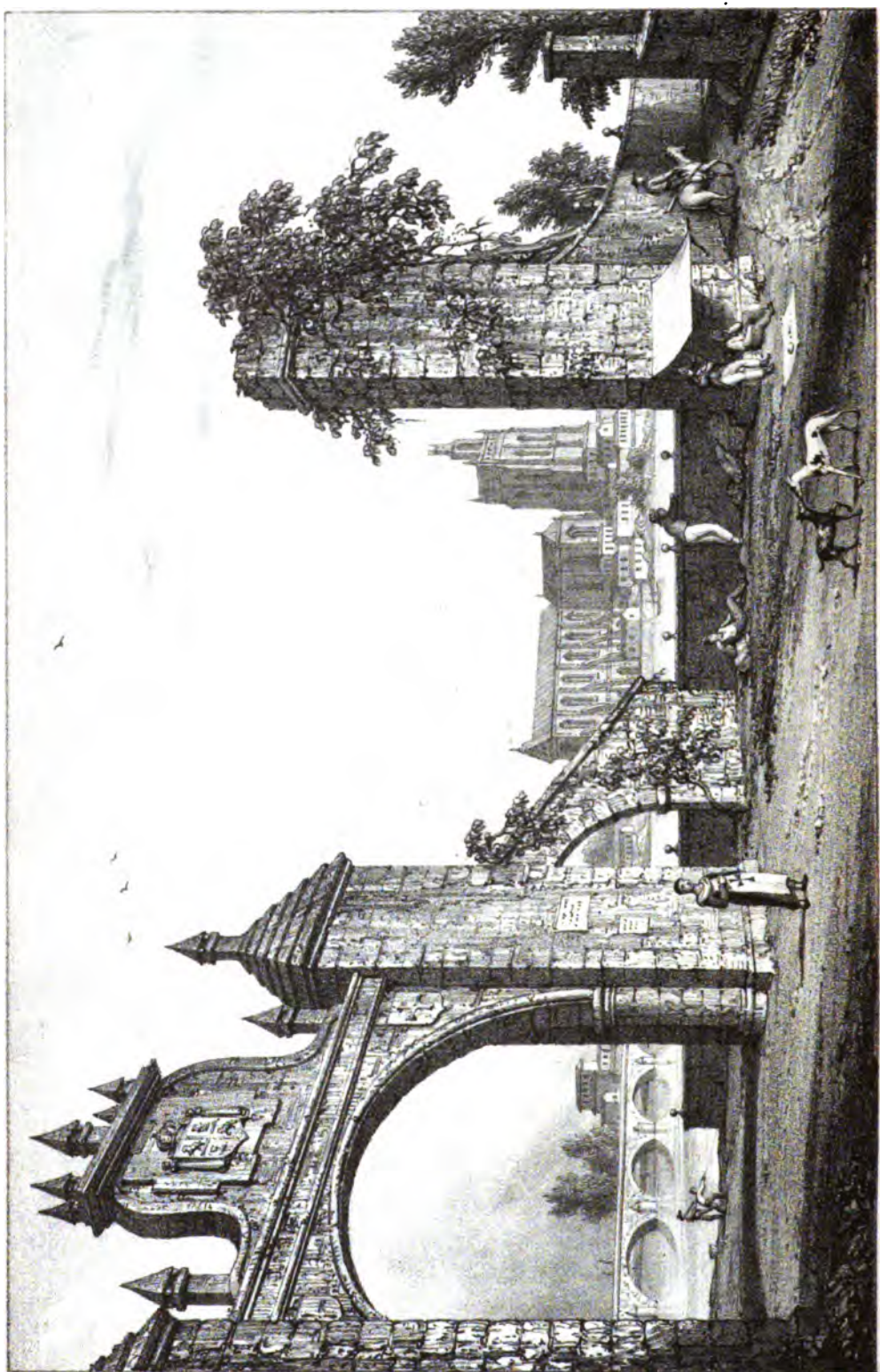
THE view of Burgos, on the approach from Vittoriâ, is very imposing. The city lies on the slope of a hill, on the summit of which appear the ruins of the castle; and the walls below are bathed by the river Arlanzon, whose banks are planted with fine avenues of trees shading the public walks.

The Town-hall is a fine venerable building, standing in the Plaza de la Constitucion, the name of which was inscribed on the *lapida* bearing the national arms, in conformity to the new code. A colonnade surrounds this square, which, though not quite rectangular, is the principal place in the city. There are three bridges crossing the Arlanzon, and communicating with the suburb of Bega. Here stands the rich church and convent of St. Augustin, celebrated for its miraculous crucifix, which has been honoured by the splendid offerings of numberless votaries. From thence I crossed the bridge of Santa Maria, at the extremity of which appears a fine old gate. Niches in front are occupied by the statues of Rasura and Calvo, two of the governors in the tenth century, with those of Fernando Gonzales, Rodrigo Dias (the Cid), and two others. Above this appear in the annexed view the towers and spires of the metropolitan church of Santiago, whose equestrian statue is conspicuous on the great centre tower, which is crowned with slender pin-

SPANISH SCENERY.

nacles. That of the Virgin presides over the porch. This is one of the most splendid cathedrals in Spain. The architecture is Gothic, but with some modern additions of an inferior character. A long flight of steps ascends to the western front, which is ornamented with two fine towers crowned with spires, which being perforated, have a very light and *lace-like* appearance. Smaller towers and pinnacles arise from various parts of the building, and statues innumerable are placed in the niches. The whole edifice bears a striking resemblance to the Minster of York. On entering the church I was struck with the splendour of the interior. The groins of the roof are supported by massive circular columns. The whole is singularly rich and handsome, though little regard is shown to order in the architectural decorations. Sculpture has been lavished throughout every part of this noble building. The cupola especially is enriched with gold and carving. Some of the chapels contain good pictures, and all are loaded with ex votos and costly gifts. After examining the church, I climbed up to the ruins of the castle, of which scarce one stone rests upon another: a fragment of a wall, and a ruined chapel adjacent, are all which remain. I regarded with no common interest the position of the English batteries. The ground was still covered with fragments of shells and shot.

The population of Burgos, which once vied with Toledo as the capital of the kingdom, is now reduced to 8000 souls; and the city is become one of the dullest and poorest in Spain.



Drawn on Stone by W. Woodcut, R.S.

From an Original Sketch by J.H. Lockhart, R.S.

PALENCIA.

London. Pub^d by J. Murray, Aldemarle St. Dec. 15. 1828.

Printed by C. Hullmandel

SPANISH SCENERY.

PALENCIA.

LEON.

THE province of Palencia forming a portion of the kingdom of Leon, has an area of near 500 Spanish leagues, with a population of 120,000 inhabitants. The capital, which gives name to the district, is situated in the Tierra de Campos, celebrated for its fertility, standing on the banks of the river Carrion, which uniting with the Arlanzon and the Pisuerga, a little below, they flow together into the Duero at Simancas. Two ranges of high table land, of singularly uniform shape, bound this plain on two of its sides, which stretches towards the horizon as far as the eye can reach, and so perfectly flat as to bear a great resemblance to the sea, the scattered steeples looking like ships in the distance.

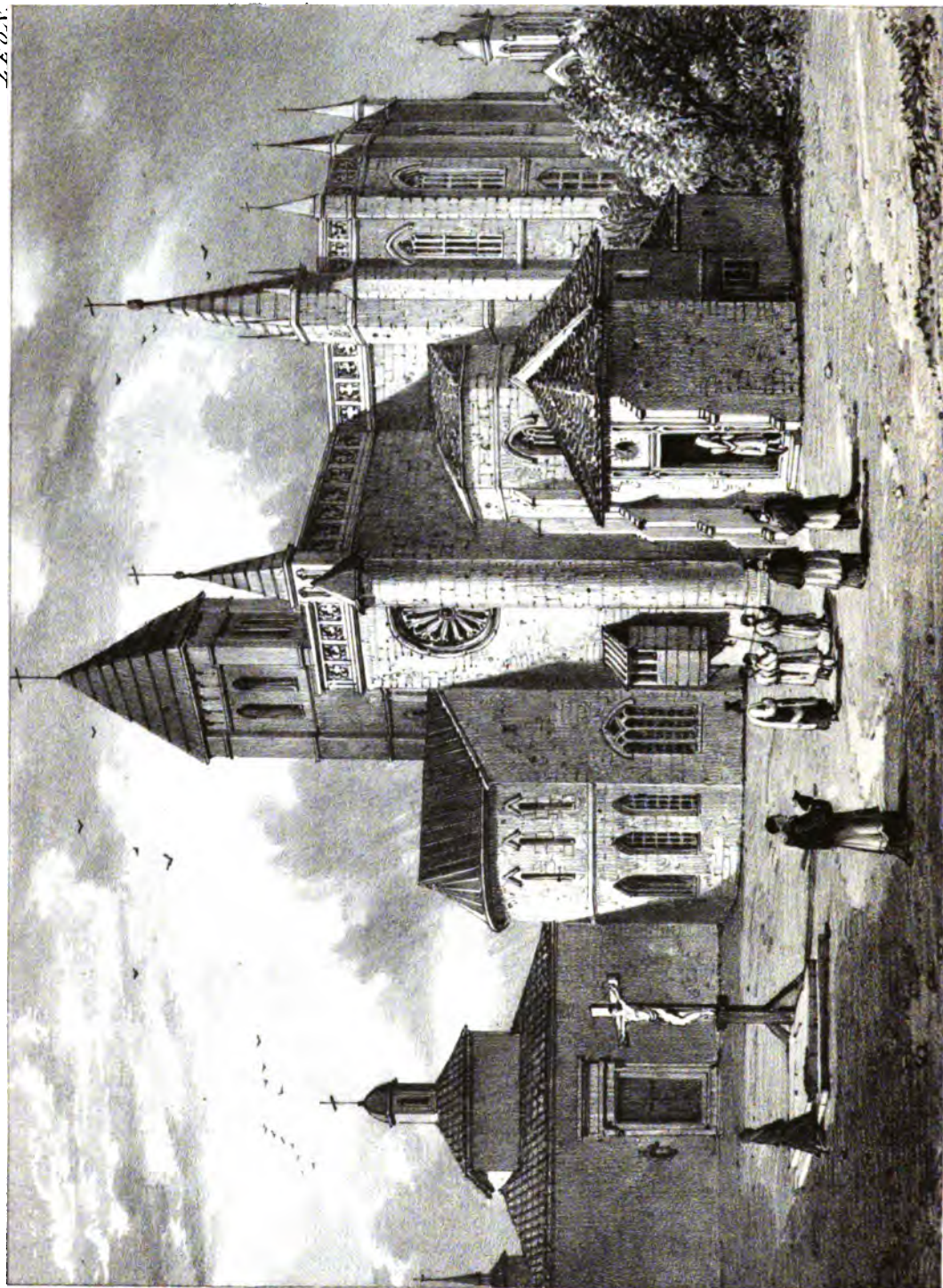
As I approached the city from Burgos, it appeared, from a hill a league distant, of an oblong form, inclosed with walls, and built with great regularity; but on entering the gates (of which there are four) I found the streets crooked, and the houses poor and straggling. The Calle Mayor, however, is of considerable length, and contains many ancient houses of venerable appearance, supported by pillars in front, which form a colonnade along the whole line, with shops, gloomy and dirty, underneath. From this street the great square leads off on the right, but has no beauty to recommend it; indeed

SPANISH SCENERY.

every thing I saw indicated the poverty in which the inhabitants are now involved. Their principal trade is in the manufacture of blankets, and a few less important articles.

Palencia formerly boasted of its university, founded by Alphonso IX. but afterwards transferred to Salamanca in 1239. It is an ancient bishopric, suffragan to Burgos, the revenue of the See amounting to 12,000 Spanish dollars. The cathedral, dedicated to San Antolin, was erected in the eleventh century, by order of Sancho the Great, in gratitude for his providential deliverance in a boar-hunt. Though not so beautiful as the celebrated cathedral of Leon, it forms a splendid church in the Gothic style; but the effect is considerably impaired by the mixture of much modern architecture, both within and without, in very corrupt taste. Many parts of the original fabric are highly ornamented with tracery, executed with great delicacy; and the north and south entrances are carefully finished, though the whole has an appearance of neglect, which shows that the original design was never completed. In the interior I was agreeably surprised to find some curious pictures; one of which, painted in eight compartments, by an early master of the Italian school, reminded me much of Leonardo da Vinci, though not, I think, by his hand. It represents the life of Christ. In the chapels are some other valuable pictures. The sacristy contains nothing remarkable.

The present view was taken near the bridge, facing the cathedral and the convent of the barefoot Carmelites.



From the engraving shown by Hillier in 1795

SANTA MARIA DELLA PACE.
Rome. Engraving by Hillier in 1795.

Drawn on Stone by J. D. Harding

SPANISH SCENERY.

VALLADOLID.

LEON.

WE had a cold and dreary ride of six leagues across the open country which lies between Palencia and Cabezon, where we found the fine bridge broken down by the French. We now saw before us, at the distance of two leagues, the steeples of Valladolid, which we approached by a long avenue of elms, with extensive gardens on each side.

This city carried its head among the highest in Spain at the period when the Emperor Charles V. held his court here among a hundred thousand citizens, who are now reduced to one-fifth of that number. It is still distinguished for its royal palace, its university, and its high chancery. Besides these, a stranger may visit the courts of justice, the colleges, schools, convents, and churches, among which the cathedral holds the chief place. This was erected by Juan de Herrera, at the expense of Philip II.; but as the original design was never completed, the present edifice is ugly and disproportioned, and singularly devoid of ornament. The university, which formerly contained 2000 students, and fifty professors, was founded in 1346. The church of the Dominicans possesses a beautiful sculpture of a dead Christ by Hernandez: another by the same delicate hand is to be seen in the church of Las Angustias, near which stands the church of Santa Maria Antigua, represented in the accompanying drawing.

I had brought from Burgos a letter to the Corre-

SPANISH SCENERY.

gidor, which procured for me hospitable quarters in the Calle de San Blas, and he favoured me with a similar recommendation to the Ayuntamiento of Segovia.

Valladolid stands on the rivers Pisuerga and Esgueva. The great canal of Castile (a magnificent but imperfect work) passes near it, on the way from Segovia to Reinosa, where it unites with the canal of Aragon. The city has six gates, fourteen bridges, fifteen parish churches, six hospitals, and upwards of forty convents, of which seventeen stood in the Campo Grande, an enormous square planted with trees, leading to a fine alameda beside the river. The ancient dignity of the place is still sufficiently visible in the venerable air of its buildings. The houses of the principal street, as well as those in the Plaza Mayor, though chiefly of brick, are raised on pillars of granite and marble, which thus forms one immense colonnade. In this square the houses have each three tiers of balconies, which are capable of containing 24,000 spectators, at the bull-feasts which are here celebrated. The weather, unusually severe for the season (31st of October) had driven the inhabitants from their usual *paseo* to take shelter underneath this colonnade, where I found all the men muffled to the chin in huge *capas*, and the ladies peeping from their mantillas as cold as charity. Suddenly they were all set in motion by the unexpected appearance of a party of soldiers dragging along two banditti, being part of a gang who had long infested the road to Segovia; and I, who was to follow that route the following day, was not the least interested among the gazers.

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Drawn on Stone by J. B. Harding

CASLE OF COCA.
London Pub. by Rodwell and Martin, 150 Bond St. Aug 1833.
Printed by C. Hollmanstedt.

From the original sketch by J. B. Harding

SPANISH SCENERY.

CASTLE OF COCA.

OLD CASTILE.

FROM Olmedo, where we rested for the night, our road lay across the brown barren plain, which surrounds it on all sides, relieved only by scanty patches of herbage, and by some plantations of pine trees. The town, which has seven churches, is in a state of decay; its ancient walls crumbling to dust, the convents and other principal buildings dilapidated, and the inhabitants depressed by all the miseries of war.

We were now in the track of the Merino flocks, two of which we met on their way from the mountains (where they had pastured during the hot season), to winter in the plains of Estremadura. The Mesta has suffered much from the ravages of the French armies, but it still occupies a large share of the open country, each district being regulated by its merino, who takes charge of these wandering flocks (*ganados tras-hu-mantes*), as they change their station. I learnt that this is not practised, as some suppose, for the improvement of the fleece, but merely for the convenience of pasturage. Before the French invasion, it was computed that six millions of sheep were thus fed at the public expense, belonging to the grandees and rich convents associated with them in this impolitic institution, protected by laws injurious to the general interests of the people. The truly pastoral mode of conducting these flocks conveys a severe reproof to the brutality of an English drover. The

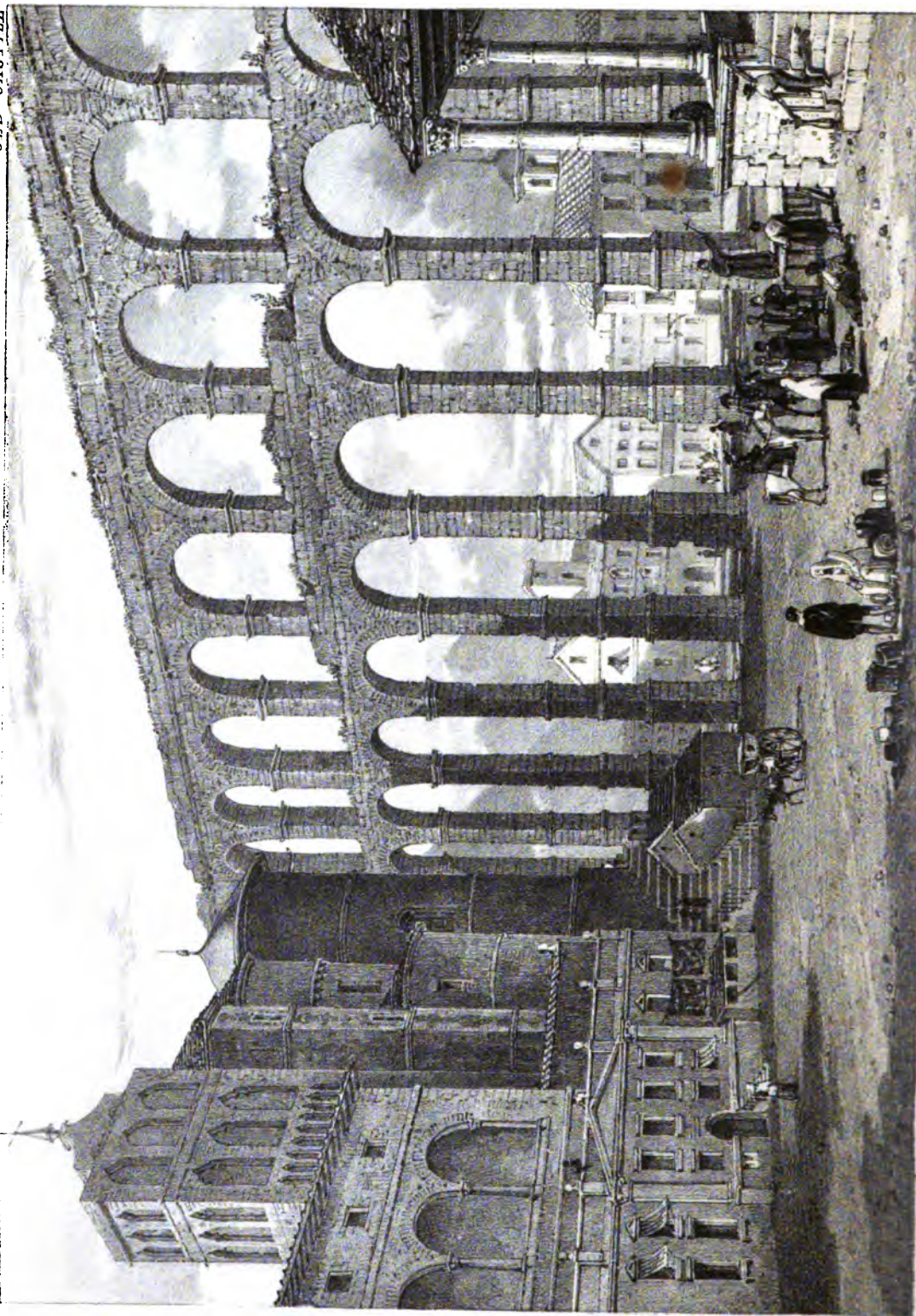
SPANISH SCENERY.

Castilian shepherd walks *before* his charge, encouraging them with his voice; and they are guarded (not worried) by their noble wolf-dogs, armed with spiked collars. He wears the *colete* (a buff jerkin without sleeves), girded by a broad leathern belt fastened with huge buckles, and over this a sheep-skin cloak, which, with his broad *sombrero* and shepherd's crook, give him a very primitive appearance.

The town of Coca, three leagues from Olmedo, stands on the edge of a wood of pines. The situation is wild and uncommon. A deep ravine forms the bed of the little river Fresna, which we crossed over a stone bridge. I turned off on the left to look at a large ancient edifice in ruins (represented in the annexed drawing), which exhibits an interesting specimen of the Moorish castellated architecture. It overlooks the glen, and must have been a place of some strength. The colour is of a dusky red, resembling brick; though the sharp outline of the turrets, and other minute parts of the building, indicated stone, which the broken ground prevented a nearer approach to ascertain.

We passed through Santa Maria de Nieva, perched on a hill of slate. A league more brought us to Tabladillo, standing on a base of granite, of which material I saw several crosses, and a reservoir in the middle of the town. Here we found comfortable quarters, excellent fare, and a cleanly kind hostess. She wore the three-cornered Castilian cap, with a red pigtail, and stockings of the same hue; the latter, she told me, are the privilege of a matron, the *doncellas* wearing only black.

OLD CASTLE



Drawn on Stone by J. H. Thompson

ROMAN AQUEDUCT, SEGOVIA.

From an Original Sketched by E. H. Lamb, F.R.S.

SPANISH SCENERY.

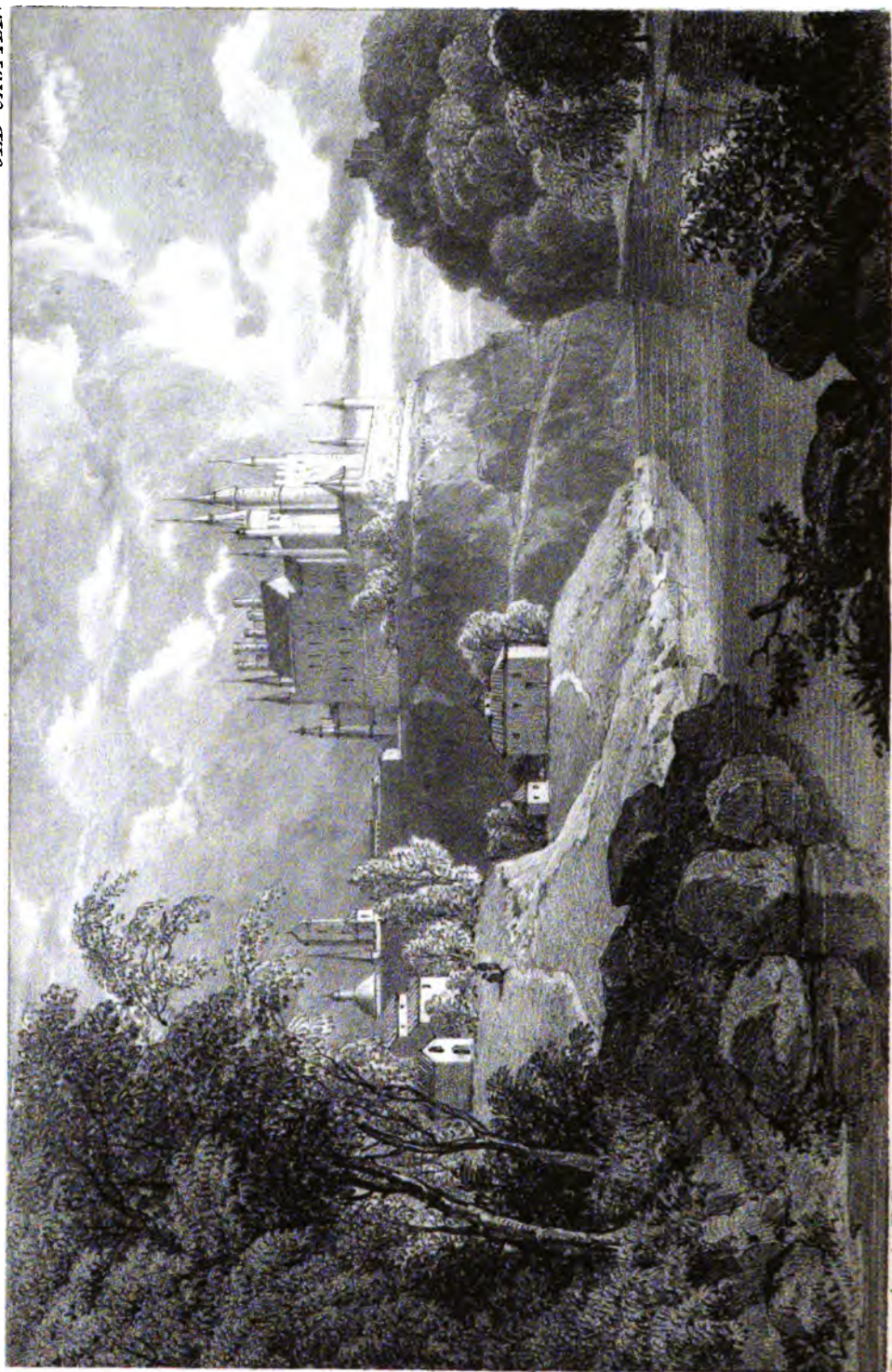
AQUEDUCT OF SEGOVIA.

ON arriving at Segovia, my first visit, as usual, was to the Casa del Ayuntamiento (town-hall) to obtain a billet for quarters; and on making known my business to the Corregidor, whom I found seated among several other persons standing round, I observed one of them whisper to him, upon which the clerk was directed to make out the necessary order. When this was delivered to me, I was astonished to find it addressed to the Marques de Loçoya, who turning to me, immediately offered to conduct me to his house. He had thus compelled himself to entertain an Englishman as a mark of respect to our national character; and in this delicate manner designed to release me from the sense of obligation, which was greatly increased by this refinement of hospitality. On reaching his house he gave me the most cordial welcome, and presented me to the Marquesa, who joined with him in loading me with attentions. The following morning he insisted upon showing me the principal objects of curiosity in Segovia. In our walk round the city I saw nothing of the celebrated aqueduct, until, on turning a street, this mighty fabric suddenly burst upon our view, and filled me with wonder and delight. It is indeed a stupendous monument of the skill and grandeur of Roman architecture. It strides across the Plaza del Azoquejo like a huge giant, the highest buildings peeping between its legs like Lilliputians. Even the

SPANISH SCENERY.

church of San Colombo looks quite insignificant. This noble remnant of antiquity consists of 159 arches, extending 740 yards in length: these commence about fifty paces out of the city, seventy-five single arches reaching to the Convent of San Francisco; and from that point a line of arches is raised above the lower tier, extending to the Alcazar, where it terminates. The height is nearly a hundred feet, and the pillars which support the largest arches are nine feet by seven in diameter. The whole is built of immense slabs of freestone, without cement, and after a lapse of seventeen centuries is still perfect, and conveys the whole of the water used in the city from the adjacent mountains. It flows in a clear stream along the upper ridge, the channel of which is wide enough for a man to walk breast high within its walls.

OLD CASTLE.



From an original sketch by J. D. Harding

ALCAZAR OF SEGOVIA.
London: Published by J. Murray, Albemarle Street, May 1834.
From an original sketch by J. D. Harding

Drawn on Stone by J. D. Harding

SPANISH SCENERY.

ALCAZAR OF SEGOVIA.

I BELIEVE many a traveller, upon arriving at Segovia, thinks more of Gil Blas than of Ferdinand and Isabella, when he first casts his eyes on this antiquated edifice. The great tower, in which that rambling hero of romance is described to have been a prisoner, recalls a long train of his diverting adventures, and it requires some effort to withdraw the attention to objects of real interest. Since the junction of the crowns of Castile and Aragon, when the united sovereigns held their court here, the alcazar has been more a prison than a palace. Within these walls many noble captives have languished in solitude, and for a considerable portion of the last century it became a depôt for the Barbary pirates taken in their plundering cruises. During Buonaparte's invasion it was made a barrack: the French troops, as usual, destroyed every thing curious or ornamental within their reach; nothing, therefore, seems to have escaped them, except the high pitched ceilings, which are superbly carved and gilded. On entering the court I found an old Dutch soldier, who conducted me through the desolate apartments. The wooden statues of the Spanish monarchs still remain upon the cornice of the grand salon, and those of Fernan Gonzales, first Count of Castile, and Rodrigo Dias, the Cid, appear below them. The peaked roofs of blue slate, the round turrets, and tall pinnacles, give a very picturesque and venerable

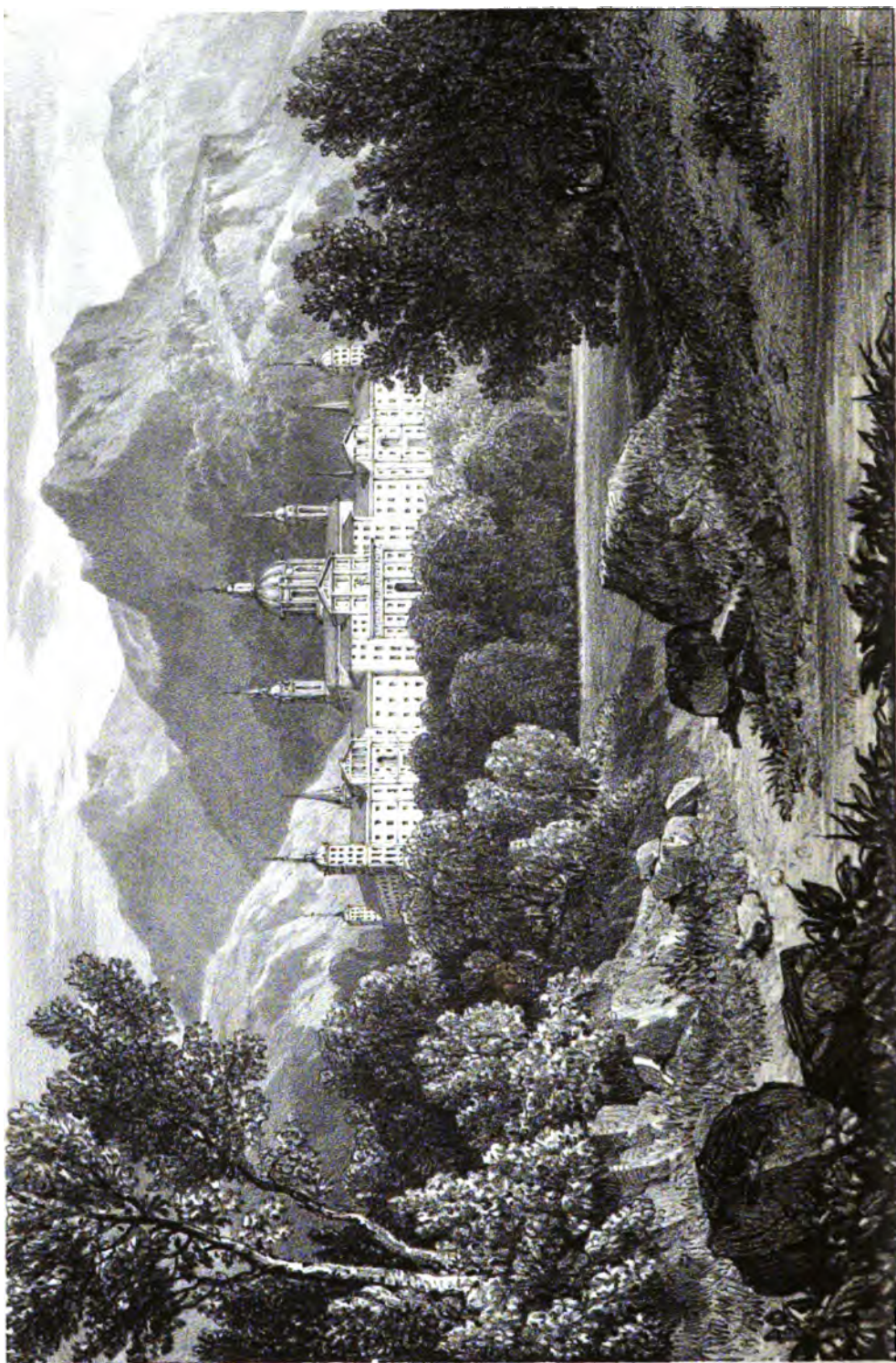
SPANISH SCENERY.

character to the external building. Among these one was shown me as the observatory of Alfonso the Wise, the ablest king and philosopher of his time. This noble building is erected on a steep and rugged precipice, overlooking the river Eresma, the waters of which formerly supplied the machinery of the mint, now no longer employed.

The old Moorish walls surrounding the city have fallen in several places. There are eight gates, of which two or three are handsome. The streets are ill-paved and crooked. Every thing indicates the decline and poverty of the inhabitants, who scarce number 10,000, though once thrice that amount were employed in the looms alone. The woollen trade being their chief traffic, had been sinking before the French invasion, during which several hundred thousands of the fine sheep of this extensive district were driven across the Pyrenees, and a far greater number wantonly destroyed by their troops.

From the Plaza major, which much resembles that of Valladolid, the cathedral is seen to advantage: it is a fine Gothic building, with a Doric portico of granite in front. The proportions, externally, are not so good as those of the interior, which are remarkable for simplicity of character. There are twenty-five other churches, and almost as many convents; many of the latter, however, are now reduced. A fine alameda extends along the river: and on the opposite side stands an immense convent of Jeronymites, and near it another of Bernardines. I likewise visited a noble foundation of the Dominicans, completely ruined.

NEW CASTLE



From an Original, Painted by R. H. Leake, Esq.

PALACE OF ESCORIAL.

London: Published by J. Murray, Stationer, No. 10, June 1st, 1824.

Engraved by J. B. Harding

SPANISH SCENERY.

THE ESCURIAL.

NEW CASTILE.

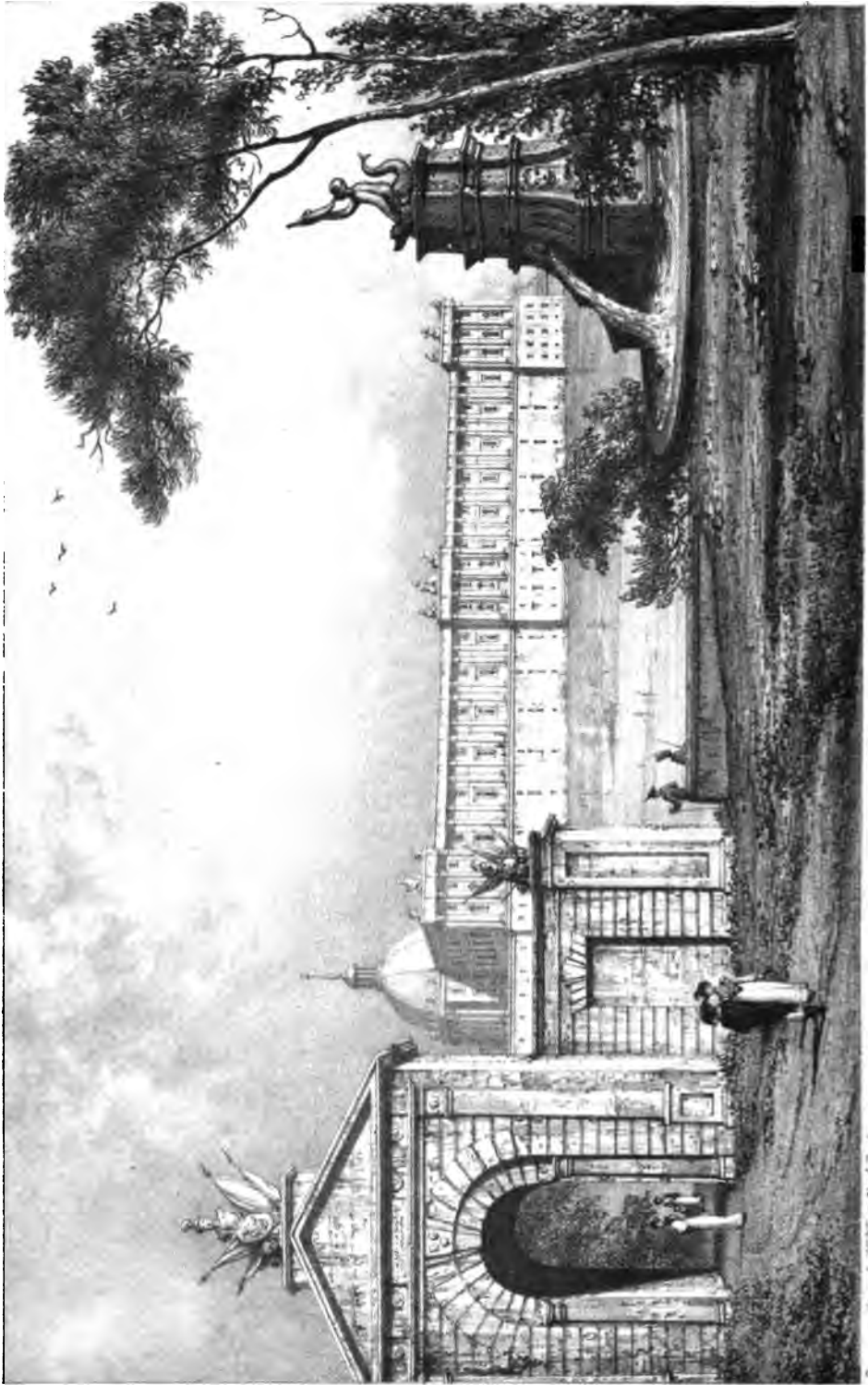
At the distance of two leagues from Segovia we came to the village of San Ildefonso, where stands the palace of La Granja (Farm). I stopped to examine the royal apartments, which appeared in perfect order, sumptuously furnished in the French taste. My guide told me all the best pictures had been removed to France before King Joseph left the place; and the mediocrity of those I saw fully confirmed his statement. I had not time to look into the gardens, but after a hasty examination proceeded on my road by the pass of Navacerrada. We soon reached the region of snow, and on gaining the uppermost ridge passed the pillars which divide the two Castiles. From this elevation a magnificent prospect opened to us on both sides, illuminated by a glowing sunset. The descent was easy, and we soon exchanged our wild mountain scenery for beautiful woods and enclosures. Evening now closed upon us. The moon rising without a cloud, afforded a distinct view of the three passes of Guadarama, Fuenfrio, and Navacerrada, with the snowy summit of the whole line of the Sierra behind us. We met a large party of muleteers, well armed, who said they had just fallen in with a gang of ladrones. On this intelligence we made the best disposition for our defence; but they had passed another way, and we reached, without an adventure, our posada at the Escorial. This Moorish name (*place of rocks*) well describes the situation of

SPANISH SCENERY.

this secluded village. The same title is now commonly given to the celebrated edifice (half a mile distant, (which was dedicated to San Lorenzo by Philip II. in gratitude for the victory of St. Quentin in 1557. This immense pile of granite is erected in form of a gridiron, in honour of the sufferings of the patron saint, and covers an area of six hundred square feet. The towers at the four angles are two hundred feet high, and the central dome rises to a still greater elevation. The king's apartments form the handle, and the church, cloisters, library, and other divisions of this royal monastery occupy the rest of the fabric. I was grievously disappointed to find that this once splendid place had been stripped of all its wealth *. The profusion of church plate, magnificent paintings, and curious books and manuscripts were all removed. The royal apartments were bare of furniture, and the noble church had nothing now but its architectural beauty to show. The sacristy was despoiled of its precious custodia, containing the *Santa Forma* (or miraculous wafer), and all its other treasures. Beneath the high altar we descended to the royal mausoleum, adorned with the rarest marbles, brazen doors, and the most elaborate sculpture. Twenty-six sarcophagi of gray marble are placed around, containing the remains of Charles V., Philip II., and thirteen other kings and queens, the rest being reserved for future sovereigns. The wealth which has been lavished upon this ponderous edifice (which the Spaniards account the eighth wonder of the world) has been computed at no less than thirty millions sterling.

* Great part has been since restored.

NEW CASTLE



Drawn on Stone by H. Mortel, sculp.

ROYAL PALACE, MADRID

London: Pub'd by Rodwell and Martin, New Bond Street, 1825.

Printed by C. Hullmandel

From an Original Sketch by R. H. Barker, F.R.S.

SPANISH SCENERY.

ROYAL PALACE,

MADRID.

THIS immense edifice, the entire plan of which has never been completed, was erected by Sachetti in 1737, by order of Philip V. the former palace having been destroyed by fire three years before. It stands on an elevation at the extremity of the old quarter of the town, on the banks of the Manzanares, which, though of considerable breadth, is so choked with sand, that during summer great part of its bed is dry, and occupied by troops of washerwomen. Gardens, cut into terraces with zig-zag walks, lead down to the river, but all appeared unfinished and neglected. The French, intending to make an *alameda* towards the principal front, pulled down several houses, which still lie in ruins. The annexed view was taken from the gate of San Vincente, a handsome structure erected in 1757. The architecture of the palace has been much criticised. It is built on arches throughout, as a security against fire. The basement story, which is occupied as offices, is only remarkable for its solidity. Parts of the building above are bare of ornament, and the rest overloaded with enrichments, the effect of which is destroyed when thus heaped together. The windows are too numerous, and the doors remarkably few. The whole is built of free-stone, in form of a quadrangle, each external face extending 470 feet. The interior square is surrounded by an arcade. A fine marble staircase leads

SPANISH SCENERY.

to the state apartments, which are splendidly furnished in the French taste, and glowing with painted ceilings, incrustated marbles, pictures, sculptures, and a profusion of other ornaments. The *Salòn de los Reynos* is a double cube of ninety feet, hung with crimson velvet. In the centre is a superb throne. I found the apartments in the same state as when abandoned by Joseph Buonaparte a few months before. In his private library I was surprised to find a large portion of English books, several county histories, and most of our best authors. The celebrated collection of paintings remained untouched, and augmented by some which had been removed from the Escorial. I have only space to notice a very few of the principal pictures described in my note-book :

TITIAN.—Two noble equestrian portraits of Charles V. and Ferdinand of Austria.—Philip II. presenting his Son at the Altar. A beautiful composition.

RUBENS.—The Adoration of the Magi. A magnificent picture.—A Magdalene.—Prometheus.—Feast of the Gods. All designed with his usual freedom, and finished in his best manner.

VANDYCK.—Christ betrayed. A most touching picture.—The Elevation of the Brazen Serpent. A surprising work.

MURILLO.—His famous picture of the Nativity.

RIBEIRA.—St. Bartholomew hoisted to a Pillar. His ablest performance.

VELASQUEZ.—Philip III. and IV. with their Queens, and the Condé de Olivares. All on horseback. Five such portraits are not to be matched.—Four portraits of Fools, Dwarfs, &c. All admirable.—Crowning the Borachio. A piece of exquisite humour.—The merits of this great master cannot be justly valued by those of his works which have yet reached England.

NEW CASTLE



PALACE OF ARANJUF.
London Pub. by J. Murray, Albemarle Street, Sept. 1. 1844.
Printed by G. Hallman.

SPANISH SCENERY.

ARANJUEZ.

NEW CASTILE.

HAVING bargained for two calessas, to convey me and my servants to Valencia, I took leave of Madrid, and crossing the Manzanares by the splendid bridge of Toledo, entered upon the dreary plain of six leagues, through which a noble road extends to Aranjuez, which, though but twenty-seven miles in length, is said to have cost the crown 130,000*l.* sterling. This mode of travelling in a calessa is somewhat quicker than riding hired mules; but the time so saved is lost in halting to bait, a practice not used by the muleteers, who go through the whole journey (ten or twelve hours a day) without stopping for refreshment. The calessero, his vehicle, and his beast, are all gay with velvet, fringe, and other finery. He runs by the side, or rides on the shafts, on which he manufactures his paper cigarra, and lights it by striking fire from his knife, while the mule trots along to the tune of her bells, cheered by his voice, or the crack of his whip.

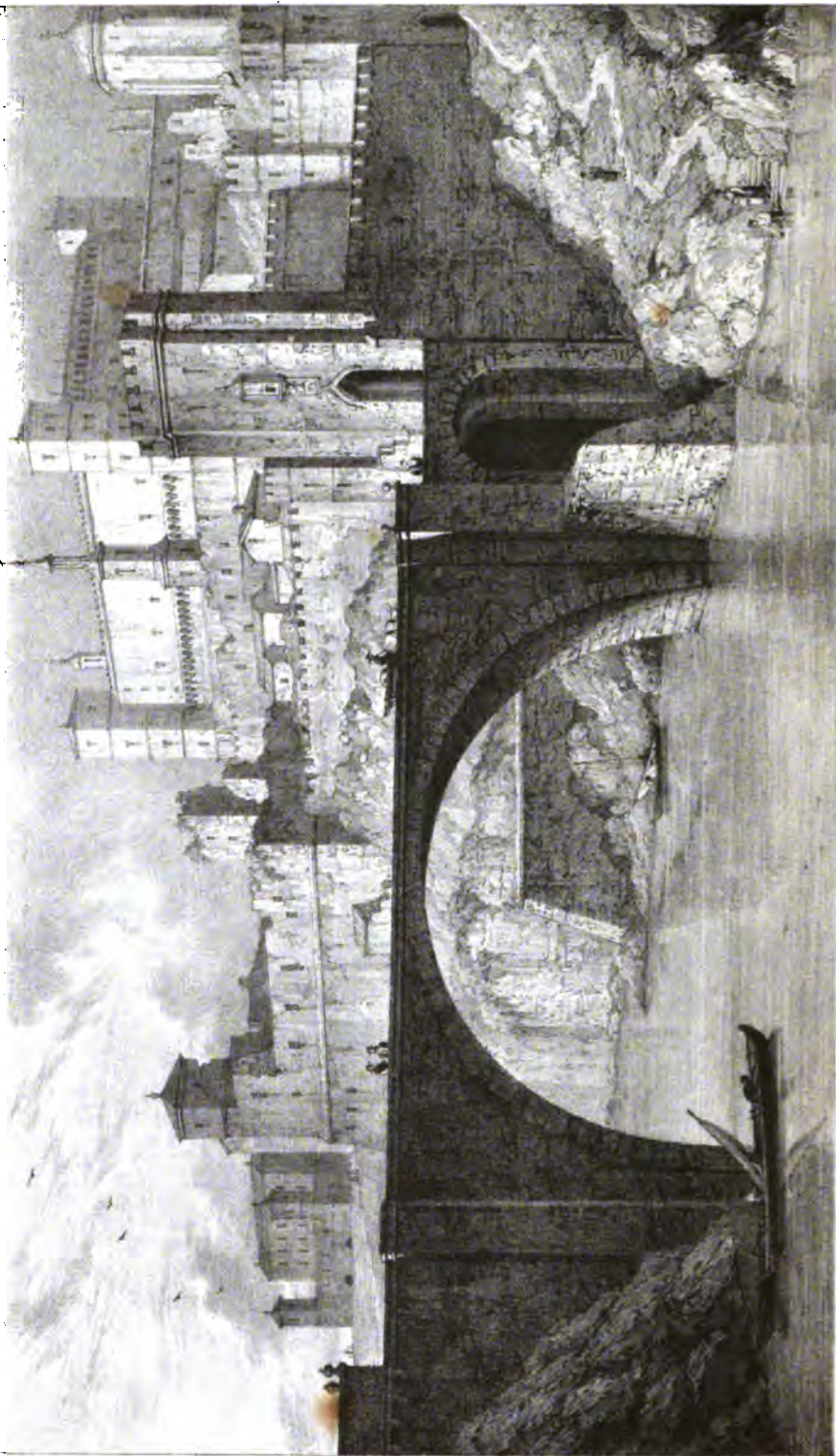
We halted at Valdemoro, a small town half ruined by the French. Soon after we crossed the Xarama, where we entered upon a lovely valley which conducted us to the banks of the Tagus. Here I left the carriage to enjoy a walk through this royal *Sitio*, the environs of which are highly beautiful. Approaching the palace in this direction, it is almost

SPANISH SCENERY.

concealed from view by the long range of majestic trees. The whole breadth of the river is thrown into a cascade in front of the principal apartments, the Garden *del Principe* extending beyond, and the hills gently rising behind the town. The palace has little external beauty, nor have the apartments much to gratify curiosity within. It is built of brick, with stone balustrades. The original fabric was erected by Philip II., as a hunting seat. The road from Madrid crosses the Tagus by a bridge of boats, opening upon the great square, having the church of San Antonio in front.

Aranjuez was once a wretched village, many of its habitations being underground. The modern town is said to owe its origin to the fall of a carriage through the ceiling of the nuncio's apartments. On this a new town was projected by the Marquis Grimaldi in the Dutch taste. The streets are of great breadth, and were once planted with trees (now cut down), and the houses decorated externally with fresco paintings, all sadly defaced. The plantations and gardens were formed at immense expense. Herds of the most beautiful horses, deer, lamas, and other foreign animals, ranged at will under the shade of the noble avenues of elm and chestnut, one of which, the Calle de la Reyna, is a league in length. The pleasure grounds were studded with temples, statues, and fountains. The court used to be held for three months every year in this favourite residence; but all was now silent and deserted, and every object reminded me of ruin and decay.

NEW CASTLE



W. Marshall. A.M.A. Lithog.

J.H. Smith. Del.

ALCAZAR OF TOLEDO.

London. Pub. by Rodwell and Martin, New Bond St. May 1. 1823

Engraved by C. Hullmandel.

SPANISH SCENERY.

ALCAZAR OF TOLEDO.

NEW CASTILE.

THE road from Aranjuez to Toledo runs by the side of the Tagus, which, passing between two lofty hills of granite, almost surrounds one of them, upon which the city is erected, presenting a very striking appearance. The present view shows the bridge of Alcantara, with part of the Moorish walls, backed by a cluster of ancient houses, and crowned by the noble Alcazar on the summit of the hill. On entering the gates, however, much of the charm ceases. The streets are steep, crooked, and narrow, few of them permitting two vehicles to pass.

All the glory of this renowned city has passed away. A population of 200,000 souls is now reduced to twenty. After surviving many political storms, the removal of the seat of government to the modern capital of Madrid gave the death-blow to Toledo. The Alcazar, which was successively the palace of the Gothic, Moorish, and Castilian kings, was destroyed by fire a century ago; and being restored at the expense of the archbishop, it was converted into an Hospicio. This also has been abandoned; for I found it quite deserted.

The venerable Gothic cathedral, with its five noble aisles, its 600 priests, its splendid pictures, and more splendid *custodia*, rich in costly plate and jewels, has been pillaged of all its wealth, and the revenues of the archbishop confiscated, which once yielded

SPANISH SCENERY.

£ 120,000 sterling per annum. There are twenty-five other churches, and numerous convents ; but all have suffered from violence and plunder. The University, now suppressed, formerly contained twenty-five professors, and 400 students. On the staircase of the Casa del Ayuntamiento appears an inscription exhorting its members, as they ascend to the council, to leave below all their personal interests and prejudices, and to devote their whole thoughts to the public good. Happy would it have been for Toledo and for Spain had this excellent maxim been obeyed. During the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, Cardinal Ximenes laboured to reduce the power of the nobles, and to raise the citizens to independence. But in the succeeding reign the policy of that wise minister was thwarted, and the commons, led by Juan de Padilla, and his heroic widow, being unsupported by the nobles and the clergy, were once more deprived of their liberties after a desperate struggle.

To this portion of the history of Toledo we would earnestly direct every enlightened Spaniard at the present crisis. While he sees that the effect of those mutual jealousies was to lay them *all* at the feet of an arbitrary monarch, he will be convinced that the great body of the nobles and the clergy supplies the true counterpoise between the King and the People. —He will apply this example to his own times, and acknowledge, that if the Cortes persist in withholding from their sovereign the executive power of the State, and in excluding the superior orders from their just privileges, they will sacrifice the fairest prospect of a free constitution to a wild and irremediable anarchy.



Drawn on Stone by C. Webb.

QUEINTA DE LOS BARRIOS.

Engraving of the Quinta de los Barrios, a large estate in La Mancha, Spain, showing the main building and surrounding landscape.

From an Original Sketch by H. W. J. A. S.

SPANISH SCENERY.

QUINTANAR DE LA ORDEN.

LA MANCHA.

DON Quixote ran in my head all last night, so that on entering the province of La Mancha, at the town of Ocaña, I looked forward with some eagerness towards Quintanar, as the birthplace of the knight. At the entrance of the Mesa de Ocaña, I observed a skull, and a few scattered bones by the road-side, which marked the scene of the battle between the French and Spaniards in 1810.—This plain is the most fertile district of La Mancha, which is in general an arid, dreary level extending from New Castile to the Sierra Morena, which separates it from Andalusia.

This province is remarkably defective in those refreshing springs and streams of water which spread vegetation and comfort wherever they abound.—It is therefore exceedingly bare of trees, its agriculture neglected, and supplies of all kinds very scanty. The inhabitants are thinly scattered through this unprofitable district.—Poverty and ignorance repress the natural elasticity of their minds, and they are at this time, with little apparent change, the self-same people in opinion, habit, and modes of life, as they existed in the time of Cervantes. They are still known for their characteristic taciturnity and integrity, for their formality in dress and deportment, and (while contented with their

SPANISH SCENERY.

meagre lot) for their singular indifference to all events which are passing elsewhere.

On entering Quintanar, it proved to be fair-day, which produced an unusual sensation in this quiet place. In the Plaza was assembled a crowd of the inhabitants, intermingled with those who had come in from the neighbouring villages; but still there was a total absence of that tumultuous air of gaiety and business which commonly lights up the faces of the country people on such occasions. I was much amused with the old fashioned dresses of both sexes. The men wrapped in their short brown cloaks—with peaked hats, long whiskers, and buff belts. The elder matrons hooded in mantles of white or black woollen, the younger women covering their heads with coloured handkerchiefs, with gowns of gray or blue frieze—red stockings, and high shoes, with huge silver buckles, were common to all.

No beauty was to be seen among the females, and several of the other sex exhibited a countenance which forcibly reminded me of the lantern jaws of Don Quixote, as his name imports.

Quintanar has two or three churches, and was probably of some importance formerly; but it is now a poor town, and every thing bears the appearance of decay. For this state of wretchedness, the people doubtless are much indebted to the French, one half of their houses being in ruins.

LA MANCHA



C. Hollman del. Lithog.

TOBOSO.

London: Pub. by Redwell and Martin, New Bond St. May 1791/23.
Printed by C. Hollman del.

SPANISH SCENERY.

TOBOSO.

LA MANCHA.

AT Quintanar I was informed that Toboso lay but a league off the road I was to travel, and that I might easily regain the Camino Real by a shorter track across the country. Having sent my servants with the mules to La Mota de Cuervo, I proceeded alone to examine the village of Dulcinea, and soon found myself in the company of several women jogging upon their *boricos* from the fair, on their return to Toboso. These damsels had claims to the lofty praise of chivalry probably equal to those which Don Quixote has immortalized. The road proved uneven and rocky; but an hour's ride brought us to the place, which appeared almost deserted.—Toboso had poured forth the whole strength of her population to attend the festival at Quintanar, and not a soul was to be seen in the street, except one tottering crone and a few little children. The village stands somewhat high, and though it has no great pretensions to beauty, yet with a little embellishment it might be made to realise the expectations of a stranger who used no other road-book than Don Quixote. The principal building is a small convent of Trinitarios. The houses are scattered, and some of them gone fairly to ruin; but others bear marks of premature destruction. Both here and at Quintanar the sight of windmills recalled the knight's

SPANISH SCENERY.

first exploit, though, if I remember, the scene of that adventure was at Montiel, further south. So powerful is the influence of such works of fancy, that we act more under their impression than we are sometimes willing to allow. I was led by my admiration of Cervantes thus to deviate from the straight road, in search of a place which I felt beforehand had no real claim to curiosity.—Many romantic foreigners, after the translation of Richardson's novels, came to England to visit the grave of Clarissa; and the eloquent author of *Waverley* has made the fortunes of many persons who inhabit scenes which he has described with a master's hand.—Familiarized by the pleasure with which we recur to the contemplation of fictitious characters, when drawn with such consummate skill, they acquire a hold upon our affections almost equal to personality.

The piety, generosity, courage, and enthusiasm combined in the character of Don Quixote,—and the simplicity, knavery, and humour of his sleek attendant,—exhibit two characters as opposite as they are unrivalled; and while the truth and nature of the delineation render them a source of delight to the whole world, the peculiar traits of national character can only be fully appreciated by the countrymen of the inimitable Cervantes.

MURCIA



CASTLE OF CHINCHILLA.

London: Pub. by Rodwell and Martin, New Bond St. June 18. 1853.
Printed by C. Bellhouse.

SPANISH SCENERY.

CASTLE OF CHINCHILLA.

MURCIA.

THE traveller has little to regret in leaving La Mancha ; for although the great road is excellent, the face of the country is so dreary, and the population so thinly scattered, that he may journey league after league without meeting a soul ; and this is a deficiency for which the most romantic scenery will not atone, if continued many days. After all that has been said in praise of the picturesque, there is no part of creation so interesting as human nature.

We had scarce entered the kingdom of Murcia before the country began to improve. The plain of Albacete is very fertile, abounding in vineyards and corn fields. This town has a considerable population, chiefly employed in the manufacture of cutlery. A league beyond this we descried the castle of Chinchilla seated on an eminence in the midst of an extensive plain betwixt the two roads leading to Almanza on the left, and to Yecla on the right. I ascended the hill, and rode through one or two of the streets. It is a place of some consequence, as it contains 4,000 inhabitants ; but I was informed there was nothing to be seen either curious or ornamental. The streets stand irregularly on the abrupt side of the rocky hill, upon the summit of which the old castle now lies in ruins. Some of the Moorish towers and other considerable fragments extend along the

SPANISH SCENERY.

face of the declivity. The French had a garrison here for some time, and threw up several works, which were demolished on their abandoning the place. They built a strong wall to defend either entrance of the town, with loop-holes for musquetry: these remain.

The northern side of Murcia is far less productive than the south.—Agriculture is unskilfully practised, and the inhabitants are disposed to depend too much on the supplies which are obtained from the huerta (garden) of Murcia, by which title they distinguish the rich valley watered by the Segura, where nature has done so much, that the labourer, with little trouble, may obtain the most abundant crops, and then relapse into his habitual inactivity. The Murcians are indolent to a proverb; but great allowances should be made in the public estimation for the many discouraging circumstances under which they are placed, arising from climate, ignorance, and misgovernment. Their sloth and incapacity are the frequent theme of reproach among the rest of their countrymen; and this popular prejudice against them has been kept alive by the well known observation of Cardinal Belluga, formerly Bishop of Murcia, who said, “*El cielo y el suelo buenos, el entre suelo malo*. The sky and the ground are excellent, but all between is wretched.” A splenetic remark, thus wittily turned, may be remembered to the injury of many generations.



From an Original Sketch by R.H. Taylor F.R.S.

A. J. M. A. N. Z. A.

Field of Battle.

London. Pub. by Rodwell and Martin... New Bond St. Sep. 7. 1823.

Printed by C. Hullmandel.

Design on Stone by J.D. Harding.

SPANISH SCENERY.

THE FIELD OF ALMANZA.

MURCIA.

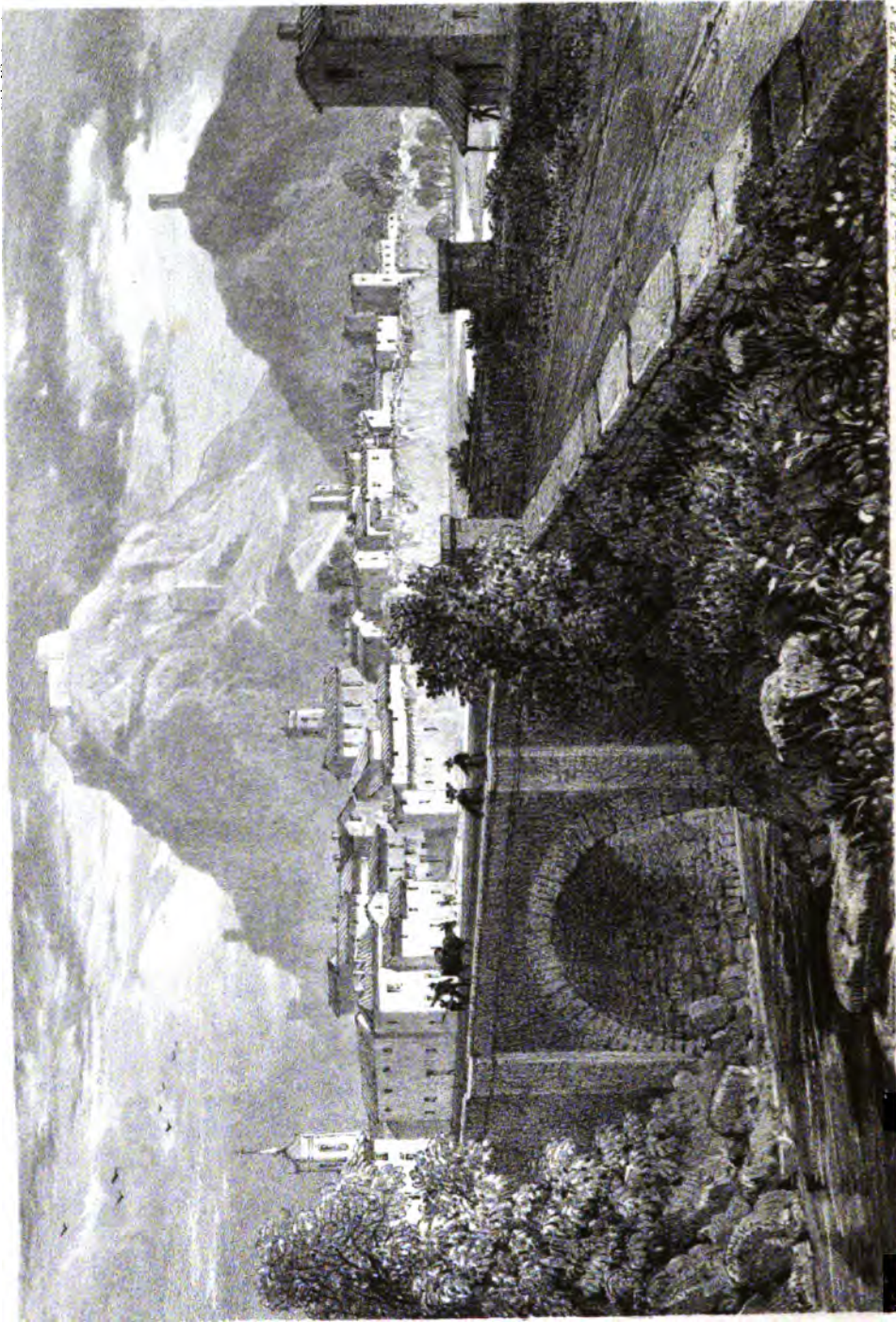
THE drawing here presented was sketched from the field of battle, on which the Spanish monarch caused an obelisk to be erected, in honour of the decisive victory obtained, in 1708, by the French and Spanish forces, under the Marshal Duke of Berwick, over the army of the British and Imperialists, commanded by Lord Galway. This important event mainly contributed to secure the crown on the head of Philip V., whose claim to the succession, after a long contest, was finally acknowledged at the peace of Utrecht, his rival, Charles, having ascended the throne of Austria, and resigned his pretensions to the kingdom of Spain.

In the curious memoirs of Captain Carleton, it is related that Lord Galway was deceived into the attack by two Irish officers, sent into his camp as deserters by Berwick's contrivance. They reported that the Duke of Orleans was daily expected to join the marshal with a reinforcement of 12,000 men; upon which Galway, resolving to be beforehand, raised the siege of Villena, and came suddenly before Almanza with his whole force, where he found Berwick ready to receive him. The latter had ordered three regiments to give way at the first onset; and when the British had sufficiently advanced in pursuit, he directed both wings to close in upon them, thus separating the advance from the rest of the British forces. The manœuvre was accurately executed;

SPANISH SCENERY.

the British and Imperialists were thus beaten in detail, and completely defeated. Lord Galway, who had already lost an arm in the last campaign, was again severely wounded, as was his colleague, Las Minas. They fell back on the Ebro, leaving 5000 men dead on the field; and out of an army of 30,000, not more than 8000 rallied in the retreat. The Duke of Orleans entered the camp of the victors next day, with a retinue of only twelve persons, deeply regretting that he had not shared in the glory of the battle.

Almanza is not considerable in appearance, though its population is computed at 5000 souls. They are chiefly employed as weavers. The church, and two or three convents, constitute its principal features. The town occupies the base of a steep hill; on the summit stands the picturesque old Moorish castle, now in ruins, the walls of which are of considerable solidity and extent: it has an imposing aspect as seen from the plain. The obelisk stands about half a mile east from the town. Laborde, whose book I found not always an infallible guide, says that a lion which surmounted the top has been replaced by a small statue: but no such statue is there; and the lion, however little worth, still maintains his position, with the loss only of one of his fore-paws. I strove in vain to make out the inscriptions on the pedestal, many passages of which have been rendered, by the lapse of a century, quite illegible.



From an Original Sketch by J. H. London, P. R. S.

M. O. R. E. N. T. E.
London, Pub. by J. Murray, of Piccadilly, St. James's, 1821.
Printed by J. W. B. W. W. W.

Drawn and Engraved by J. D. Harding

SPANISH SCENERY.

MOXENTE.

VALENCIA.

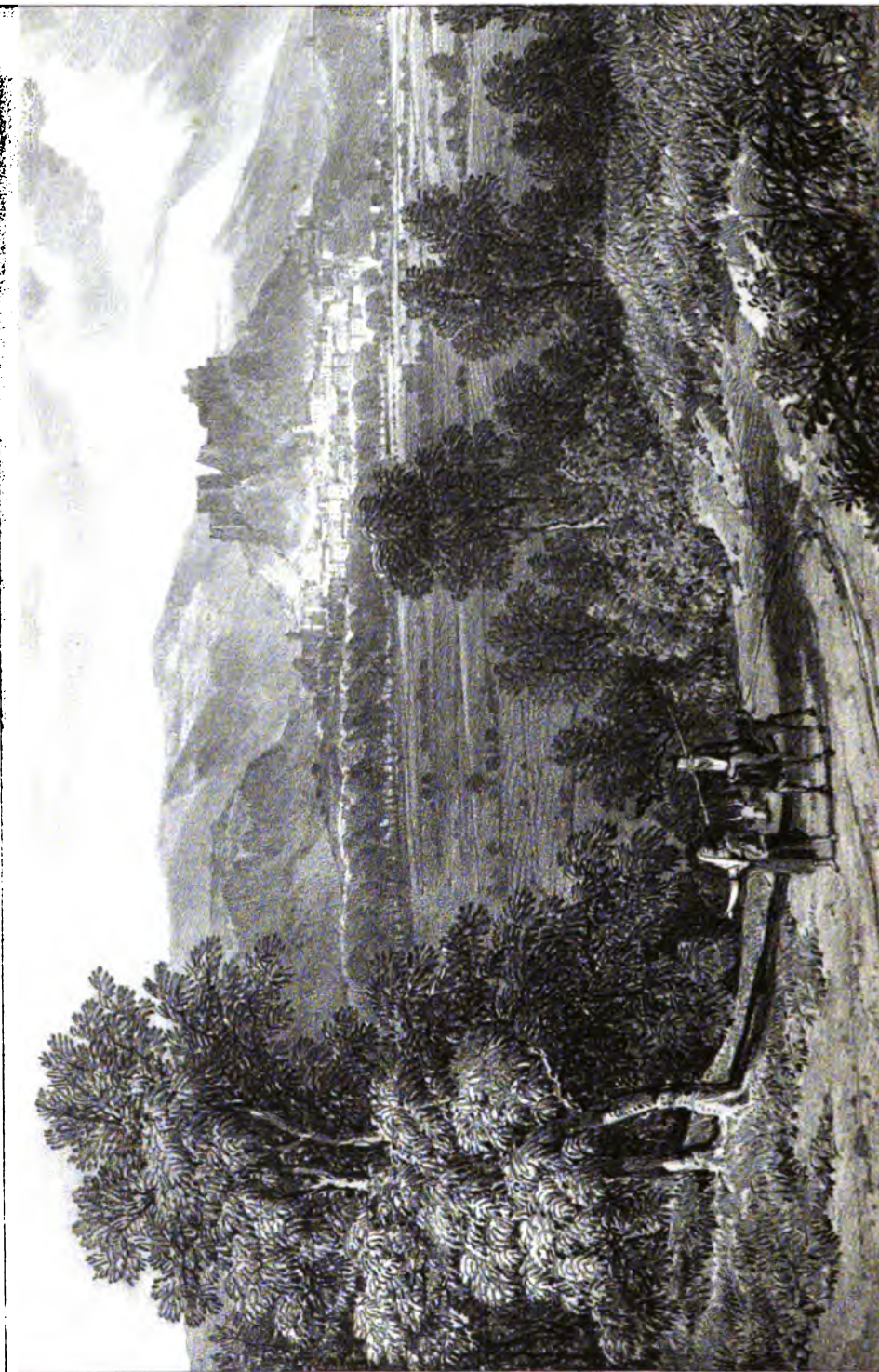
WHEN we arrived at the Puerto de Almanza, where the kingdoms of Murcia and Valencia divide, we looked down upon a district which presented a very pleasing contrast to the dreary and deserted plains of La Mancha. It was refreshing to look again upon that bold and animating variety in which the interchange of mountain and valley, rocks and foliage, form those splendid combinations of colour and effect which constitute the charm of landscape scenery. What we had seen of Murcia did little justice to its pretensions; for if my time had permitted a circuit to its capital, I was assured that in the rich valley of the Segura I should have seen a luxuriance of fertility not easily surpassed.

Soon after leaving Almanza we met a lad, who told us we should find "ladrones in plenty" as we proceeded, for they were then robbing all who came in their way. Although accustomed to consider such warnings as idle tales, I soon found the young stranger had told us no more than the truth; for, on overtaking my servants in the throat of the pass, I found them amidst a council of noisy carriers, who were haranguing, at the full pitch of their voices, upon the loss of two hundred hard dollars, of which they had just been deprived by some of these banditti, by whom they said we should be infallibly intercepted, if we descended the pass.

SPANISH SCENERY.

On my remarking that these freebooters were much too wise to linger on the highway, after obtaining so valuable a booty, they pointed to a group of people below, whom they pronounced to be the ladrones, levying more contributions from other travellers. Upon this my people caught the panic, and refused to proceed; but as I thought it better to risk my purse than lie all night on this dreary mountain, I turned my mule down the hill, attended only by my steady Scot, who never failed me on these occasions. Between the shame of desertion and the fear of being left behind, the others at length followed. When we reached the bottom we made a ludicrous discovery; the party collected there were harmless travellers like ourselves, who, mistaking us for the robbers, had been deterred from ascending, and after a hearty laugh together, we proceeded on our respective routes.

I had intended to sleep at Fuente de la Higuera, but finding it lay too much out of our road, we proceeded to Moxente, where we passed the night. The approach to this town is very beautiful; it is situated under a lofty chain of mountains, which bounds the right of the valley; another range extending on the left. Moxente is separated from the road by a deep gulley, at the bottom of which runs a pretty rivulet which falls into the Xucar, some leagues below. A bridge of a single arch crosses the ravine to the town: a hill rises behind it, on which stand the ruins of the Moorish castle. The scene afforded me a subject for the accompanying sketch.



Drawn on Stone by J. D. Harding

From an Original Sketch by J. H. Lockyer F.R.S.

CASTLE OF MONTESA.

London: Pub. by Murray, Albemarle St., May 1 1834.

Entered in the Stationers' Hall.

SPANISH SCENERY.

MONTESA.

VALENCIA.

THE ride from Moxente through this fine valley was highly gratifying. As we advanced, the country appeared to increase in fertility, abounding in olives and algarobas. The lofty sierra on the right showed several ruined towers perched on the boldest projections, and some pretty villages scattered at the foot of them. On the left we saw Montesa in form of a semicircle, standing on the declivity of a hill, which projects into the valley detached from the chain. Above were the fragments of its ancient castle and convent. The institution of the Knights of Montesa was founded in 1319 by James II. of Aragon, who endowed it with all the property of the Knights Templars in the kingdom of Valencia. The knights wore a red cross as the badge of their order, into which none but native Valencians were admitted. In 1748 a frightful earthquake overwhelmed the greater part of this establishment. The rock on which the fabric stood suddenly split asunder: the yawning gulf closed upon its victims, while others were crushed to pieces by the fall of the buildings. Slight shocks have since been frequently felt in this neighbourhood; and at such times the rise and fall of the water in all the wells indicated the great extent of the subterranean convulsion. The survivors of the catastrophe were removed to Valencia, where a spacious building was erected for their accommodation.

SPANISH SCENERY.

From Montesa I continued my ride over a branch of the sierra, which stretches across the valley, and found a handsome venta on the other side, where the hostess detained me by the offer of a dinner of rice and bacalao (salt-fish), which was placed in the frying-pan on the table. We had now exchanged the bleak winds and frosty nights of the north of Spain for the genial warmth of autumn; every thing appeared blooming and verdant. On either side the road we saw orange groves, the fruit of which was ready to pluck, and olives ripe for gathering. The low grounds were laid out in rice fields carefully irrigated. I almost fancied myself again in Bengal, for the Valencian labourers are nearly as swarthy as the Hindûs, whom they much resemble in features; and their short petticoat trowsers and white Montera caps, at a little distance, appeared like the costume of India. The soil is so light that they plough with a single horse or mule. I met two or three returning from their labour, each carrying the ploughman, the plough, and all its gear. The graceful air of the Valencians of both sexes is very engaging; they are passionately fond of dancing, an exercise for which they seem formed by nature, being light and slender in figure: so are they also in character, according to a well-known proverb, which has pronounced every thing in Valencia to be unsubstantial:

“ La carne es yerva, la yerva agua;
Los hombres mugeres, las mugeres nada.”

“ The flesh is grass, the grass water; the men are women, the women nothing.”



NAME ON ORIGINAL SUBMITTING DOCUMENT

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Drawn on Stone by J. L. Harding

SPANISH SCENERY.

ALCIRA.

MURCIA.

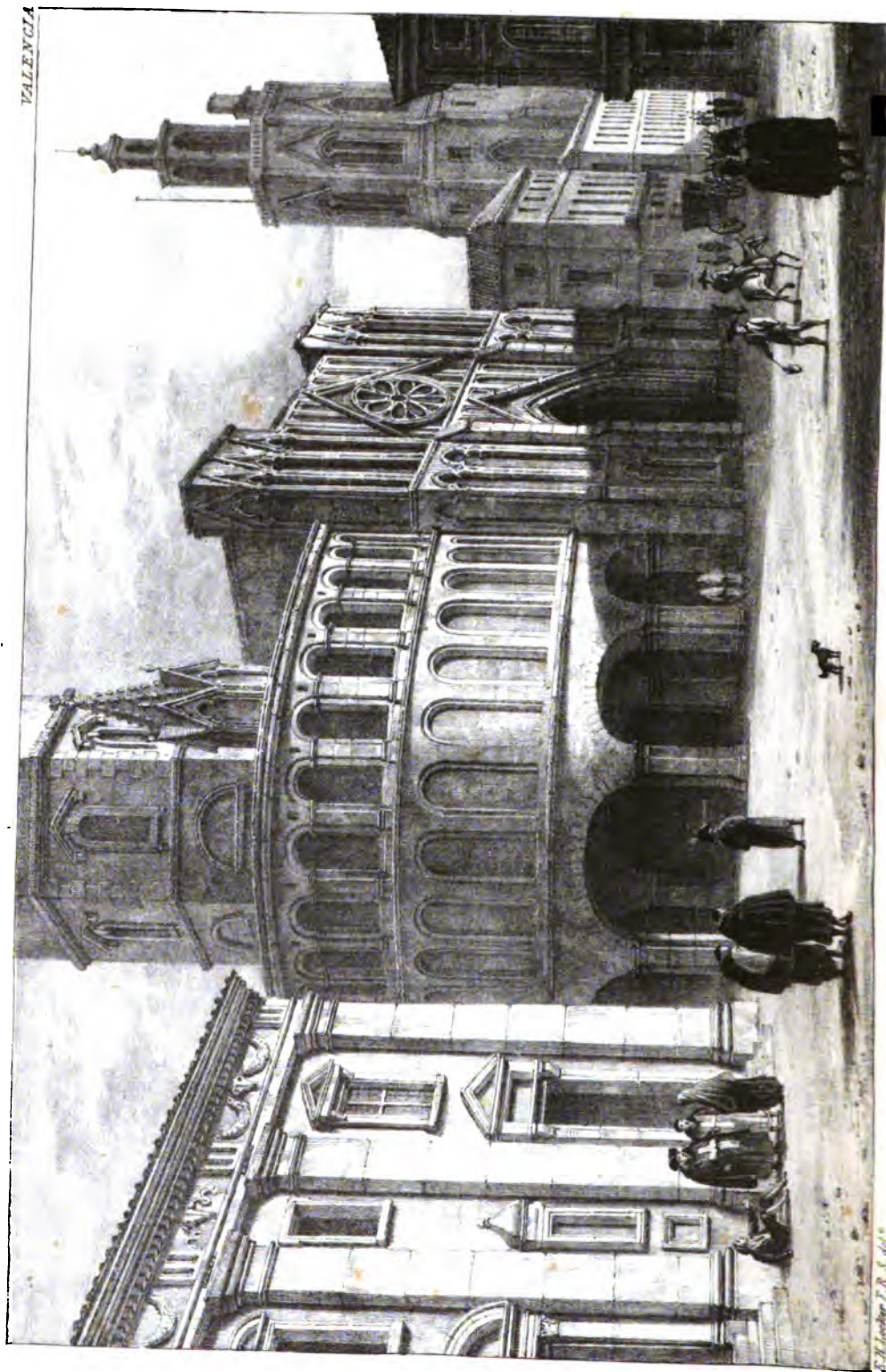
THE fertility of the country increased as we penetrated further into the valley of the Xucar. On leaving Montesa we passed through Puebla Larga, and came next to Cargagente, a town of 4000 souls, distinguished only by its parish church and two convents. The whole district hereabouts was covered with olives, algarobas, and vineyards, and formerly with the sugar-cane. Leaving the servants to follow with the mules, I rode on to Alcira, two miles further. On reaching the town, I found the old bridge had been destroyed by the French, and I crossed the river over a frail fabric of wood, erected by its side. The ruins of this bridge afforded me a sketch for the annexed drawing. Having procured a billet for my quarters, which proved to be an excellent house facing the Carcél (jail), I left my mule and re-crossed the river to direct the servants to our resting-place for the night. A fellow who overheard my bad Spanish while making some enquiries of a boy came up, and invaded me with some rude questions, to which he received very short answers. Imagination immediately converted me into a French spy, and having spread this opinion among the bystanders, they insisted that I should go before the Corregidor. We parleyed, however, till the servants arrived, at sight of whom my accuser, beginning to suspect his mistake, would have slipped away; but I held him fast, declaring that it was now my turn to satisfy

SPANISH SCENERY.

the corregidor ; and we set forward accordingly, with a great mob at our heels. On the way we met one of the regidores, attended by a patrol of alguazils (for it was now dark), who consented to accompany us to the examination. My story was told in a few words; and, upon unfolding Lord Wellington's passport, those who had been most clamorous looked heartily ashamed. The corregidor would have thrown some of them into the Carcel hard by, and offered me all sorts of reparation for the insult; but really I had little cause of complaint, for the man and his friends had only shown themselves loyal Spaniards; and so, after some few compliments, we parted in excellent humour.

Alcira, or Algezira, which signifies island (being surrounded by the Xucar), is an old Moorish town, whose walls, flanked with round towers, are now mouldering with decay. It contains 10,000 inhabitants, three churches, six convents, and an hospital. It gives name to the gobierno (district) which surrounds it. I quitted it the following morning by another bridge passing beneath a gate which points the road to Valencia. An entrenched tête-du-pont, erected by the French, still remained on the other side. We passed through the villages of Algemesi and Almozafes, having on our right the Albufera, from which Marshal Suchet received his title. This is an immense lagoon, four leagues in extent, abounding in fish and wild fowl. We next came to the small town of Cataroja; and two leagues more brought us to Valencia, the sixty-third league stone from Madrid, standing close to the gate of San Vincente.

VALENCIA



C. H. Wallmann del.

CATHEDRAL OF VALENCIA.

London: Pub. by Rodwell and Martin, 150 Bond St. June 18. 1825.
Engraved by C. H. Wallmann del.

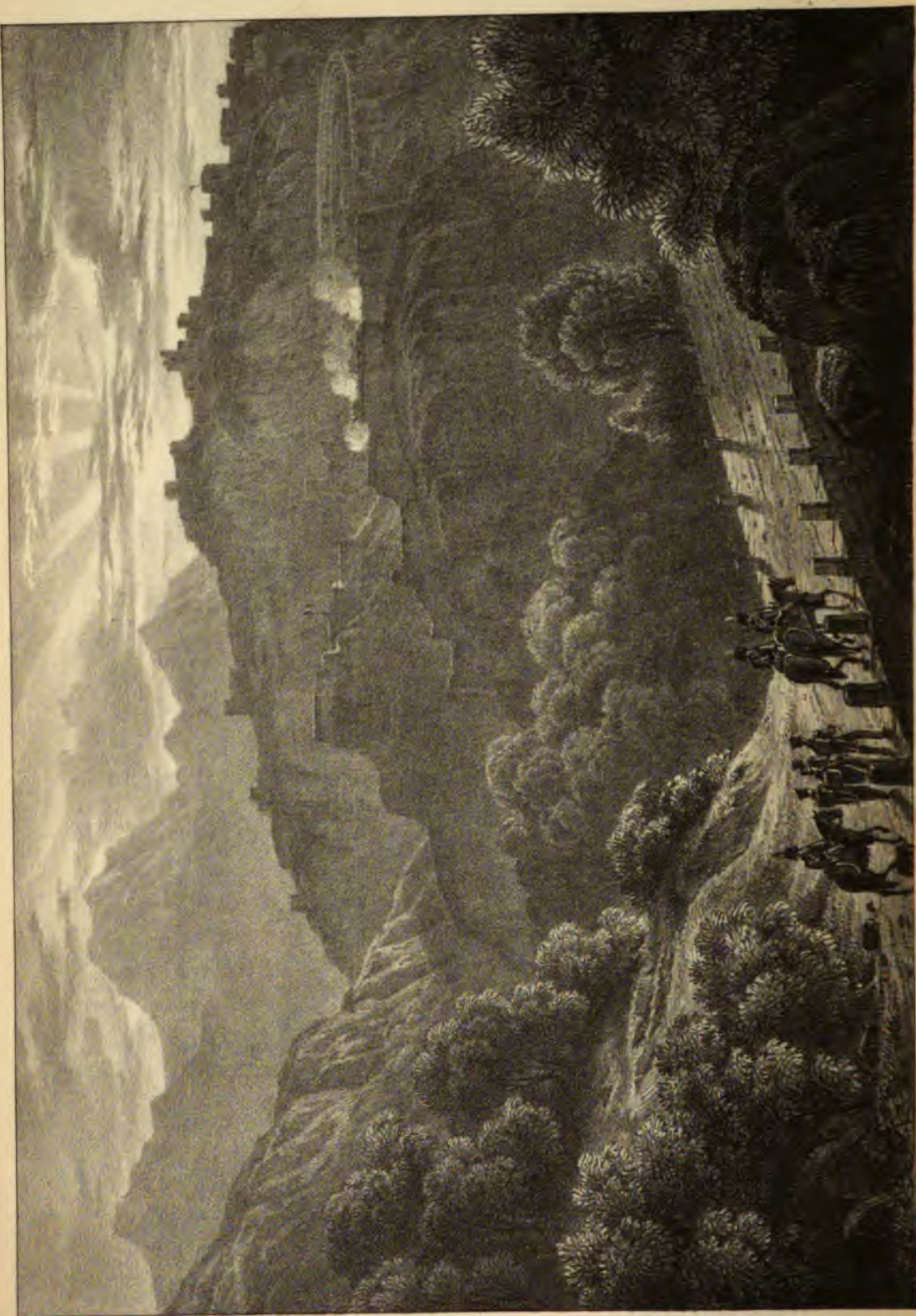
SPANISH SCENERY.

VALENCIA.

THIS fine city stands in a rich and beautiful plain, on the banks of the Guadalaviar. The approach through a long avenue of trees concealed all the buildings from my view till I reached the gate of San Vincente, which gives name to the principal street passing through the heart of the town. The public edifices are numerous, and many of them handsome: but the streets are neither straight nor spacious; and being unpaved, the dust, which in winter, becomes mud, is very disagreeable. The ancient cathedral is gothic, but the modern part is of Grecian architecture splendidly adorned. It has some good pictures by Juanes and other masters. Contiguous to this stands the church of the Virgin de los Desemparados, in form a rotunda: the altar-piece is much esteemed: a print from it may be seen in most of the houses, as she is the patroness of the city. On the other side is the palace of the archbishop, who but lately possessed a revenue of £40,000 sterling. Adjacent to this is the old town of Miquelete, which commands a noble prospect. Valencia contains 80,000 souls: it is divided into 14 parishes, and has no less than 44 convents. In the Plaza de Mercado stands the Lonja (exchange), a fine specimen of the ornamented Moorish architecture: it was erected in 1482. The university has little external splendour, but it has produced some able men; and not many years since boasted upwards of 2,000 students, and 70 professors.

SPANISH SCENERY.

There are two public libraries, and an academy of painting and sculpture, in which I found a group of students drawing from the life figure. The form of the city is nearly circular: it is surrounded by a road shaded with trees. The river appeared almost drained by the numerous cuts made originally by the Moors, to whom the Valencians are indebted for the practice of irrigation: it is sometimes swollen by torrents, which have occasioned serious mischief. There are five bridges; of which that of Serranos is the handsomest, leading to a fine old gate flanked by two towers. Near this stands a heavy quadrangular building, erected for the Knights of Montesa in 1748, after their castle had been destroyed by an earthquake. The present building was converted into a convent on the abolition of their order. On the opposite side of the river stands the ancient palace of El Real, which was formerly occupied by the captain general, but is now in ruins. The exploits of the Cid, Ruy Dias de Vivar, who reconquered Valencia from the Moors in 1094, are not forgotten: an ancient gate still bears his name, and many a ballad is still sung to his honour. Two miles from the city lies the port of Grao. The environs are exceedingly fruitful, covered with gardens, rice fields, and plantations of olives, algarobas, the palm, the white mulberry, and other beautiful trees. A million of pounds of silk are annually brought to market, and the produce of this luxuriant soil in wheat, maize, rice, hemp, flax, raisins, &c. is equally abundant.



View from the point of view of the sea

R A C U N T U R E

Printed at the office of the engraver

SPANISH SCENERY.

SAGUNTUM.

VALENCIA.

WE left Valencia by the Puerta de Serranos, and soon saw before us the heights of Murviedro (*muri veteres*), the present name of Saguntum. As we approached we observed the French colours floating on the walls, and were stopped by a piquet of Spanish soldiers, forming a part of General Elio's army, then blockading the place. They required us to deviate into a by-road on the right, which would bring us out beyond Murviedro. This was a double mortification, for we were not only obliged to forsake the fine *Camino-real* for a wretched *carretera*, but we lost all chance of obtaining a nearer view (than that here presented) of this celebrated fortress.

The ancient city, renowned for its great wealth and population, extended within a thousand paces of the sea. The modern town, though occupying part of the same site, is retired almost a league from the shore, standing at the foot of a mountain of black marble, on the crest of which appear the walls of the Moorish castle spreading irregularly along the ridge, and flanked by several towers constructed out of the ruins of the Roman works. Numberless fragments of sculpture and ancient inscriptions (often inverted) are built into the present walls. Some of the more curious remains have been preserved in the churches

SPANISH SCENERY.

and convents. In digging near the Roman walls, about this time, were found, in one spot, some hundreds of leaden balls of an oblong shape, about an inch in length, of which I brought several to England. These are supposed to have been used by the Balearic slingers, and the word "plumbum," by which their missiles were designated, supports the conjecture. On the ascent from the town appear the ruins of the Roman theatre, which is a semicircle, capable of containing ten thousand spectators. Among the vineyards below may be traced the foundations of a circus, two temples, and some other public edifices. It is impossible to behold these ruins without recalling the animated description of Livy and other historians, who have recorded the heroic defence of Saguntum. The siege of Zaragoza in our own time, indeed, is not unworthy of comparison, though divested of its most terrible features. The fidelity of the Saguntines to their Roman masters, from whom they vainly expected succour—the persevering skill of Hannibal—the implacable fury of his soldiers—the desperate courage of the citizens, amidst famine and slaughter, as they contended on the ruins of their ramparts—and, finally, their self-devotion to the flames, with their wives, their children, and all their wealth, rather than gratify the thirst of the assailants for plunder and revenge—all these together form such a climax of horrors, that we cannot contemplate the spot where such dreadful scenes were acted without the deepest interest.

From an Original, Sketched by J. H. Loecher, F.R.S.

VENTA DE BENEFICIAS.

London Pub'd by T. Murray, 31, Newmarket St. June 15. 1827.

I turned to the illustrations

Drawn down by J. L. Mandel.

SPANISH SCENERY.

VENTA DE BENECAZI.

FROM Murviedro we passed to Almenara, and halted for the night at Nules, a walled town, the streets meeting in the centre, where stands the church. Next morning we came to Villa-real, which has never recovered the vengeance of Philip V., who caused it to be burned to the ground in 1707, and the inhabitants put to the sword for taking part with his rival Charles. Proceeding through Castellon de la Plana, we next halted at Las Casas de Benecasi, a small hamlet with a solitary Venta, which Laborde pronounces to be one of the worst in Spain. In defiance of this warning, however, we ventured in. Our demands were not great, and we were not fastidious. If ever these views of Spain should tempt any of our countrymen to follow our steps through this interesting country, we would advise them to lay aside the proud English habit of comparing foreign inconveniences with the accommodations they leave behind them. The traveller who arrives at an English inn needs but his purse to command all ordinary comforts; but it is not yet so in Spain. After a long and wearisome journey, if he come unprepared to his posada, he may sometimes be wofully disappointed. To the question "What can I have for supper?" a common reply is, "Whatever you have brought." At the inferior houses on the road provision is seldom made for guests, though the hostess is ready to cook such articles as the

SPANISH SCENERY.

prudent traveller has purchased by the way; and when he departs in the morning he pays for the *ruido de la casa* (the disturbance he has made in the house) as the principal charge in the reckoning. Such a traveller will not be over nice in exploring the mysteries of the kitchen. He will carry his own implements for eating, and he will do well to take his own bedding.

The Venta de Benecasi may serve as a fair specimen of the low posadas in Spain. The kitchen is the general rendezvous of the whole family, not excluding goats, pigs, and poultry, who make it their common thoroughfare, the doors being rarely closed even at night. Beneath the mouth of a huge chimney appears the hostess, in gay attire, fuming before her frying-pan, which successively receives salt-fish for the carriers, omelet and bacon for the better guests, with oil and garlick for all. Here she reigns supreme, for all else, whatever be their rank or calling, mingle in perfect equality. The Spaniards are loud talkers, but amidst all the clamour and confusion her voice and authority prevail. The guests cluster round with their cigarras, and bandy their jests with unceasing mirth. This is their greatest delight, and no people on earth surpass them in low humour. Here at night the carriers repose on their pack-saddles; their mules and carts being stationed in the outer apartment, where commonly stands the well which generates myriads of mosquitos to infest the lodging-rooms above, and these swarm with vermin of a baser kind.



CARACAS

From an original sketch by H.H. Leach, F.R.S.

COL DE BALAGUER.
Painted by J. Murray, Edinburgh, St. June 18 1824
 Engraved by C. Hall, London.

Drawn on Stone by J.D. Harding

SPANISH SCENERY.

COL DE BALAGUER.

CATALUÑA.

WE re-entered Cataluña on passing the little river Cenia, which is the boundary of the kingdom of Valencia; and quitting the great road to Tortosa, then garrisoned by the French, we proceeded along the coast to San Carlos, a little town begun in 1792 with some pomp, but left half finished by Charles IV. From thence we looked across a flat marsh towards Alfaques, whose bay was crowded with English transports. Leaving it on our right, we rode on to Amposta, where a ferry-boat conveyed us across the Ebro, which falls into the sea a little below, after traversing nearly the whole diameter of Spain. I looked in vain for a glimpse of Tortosa, which stands only two leagues higher up the river. Our road lay through an uncultivated district, but the air was perfumed with wild thyme, and the temperature as warm as an English autumn. At night we put up at the village of Perillos, where we found a wretched posada; though the kindness of the honest people almost atoned for the want of comfort and cleanliness. In the morning we pursued our journey through a valley well clothed with trees, along the foot of a majestic range of mountains, whose rugged summits were frequently lost in the clouds, which seemed ready to burst upon our heads. At length we found ourselves again on the margin of the sea,

SPANISH SCENERY.

the road passing the extremity of the range without climbing over it ; and soon after we began to ascend the Col de Balaguer, a range neither so lofty nor so picturesque as the preceding. The road is intersected by gullies, which render it circuitous. On reaching the top, I found the fort in ruins ; the deserted Venta by the road-side had become the temporary barrack of a few Spanish soldiers, stationed there to examine travellers. On reaching the foot of the pass I encountered another small party, seated beside a fountain, who having examined my passport, next begged for money to buy wine, not being content with the purer liquid near them.

Tarragona being invested by Sir J. Murray three months before, Colonel Prevost was immediately detached with a brigade of men to possess himself of this important pass, to prevent the advance of Marshal Suchet from Tortosa. With much activity and labour he established his batteries within a hundred yards of the fort, which surrendered after a bombardment of a few hours. Meanwhile the British general having heard that Suchet was marching by a circuitous route to the relief of Tarragona, and that another French corps was collecting at Vendrells, he precipitately raised the siege, although the French garrison scarce mustered 700 men ; and re-imbarking his troops, proceeded to Balaguer, where, being joined by Lord W. Bentinck (who arrived from Sicily to assume the chief command), orders were given to blow up the fort of Balaguer, and the whole force proceeded to Alicant.



SCIPIO'S TOMB NEAR TARRAGONA.

London: Pub. by J. Murray, St. Aug. 1824.
Printed by C. Hullmandel

SPANISH SCENERY.

TOMB OF THE SCIPIOS,

NEAR TARRAGONA.

THE Roman antiquities of this part of Spain are numerous, and have engaged the attention of the earliest Spanish historians. Large collections have been made, and many objects of sculpture which have been since destroyed, and inscriptions now no longer legible, are recorded by Flores, in his *España Sagrada*, and in the works of other Spanish antiquaries, his predecessors. A little more than a league from Tarragona I made the accompanying sketch of an ancient monument, said to have been raised in honour of Publius and Cneius Scipio, the father and uncle of Scipio Africanus.

Publius, at the head of a Roman army, was defeated and slain in battle with the Carthaginians, under Asdrubal and Mago. Elated with this victory, they advanced against another body of the Roman forces, commanded by his brother Cneius; who, having been already weakened by the revolt of the Celtiberi (Aragonese), was overwhelmed by superior numbers, and fell, with a great number of his followers, after a desperate and unavailing defence. Though the tradition, that these distinguished generals lie buried beneath this monument, has been much questioned, the learned are still in dispute on a subject which is never likely to be settled; those who deny it to be the tomb of the Scipios being equally at a loss as to the person to whose memory

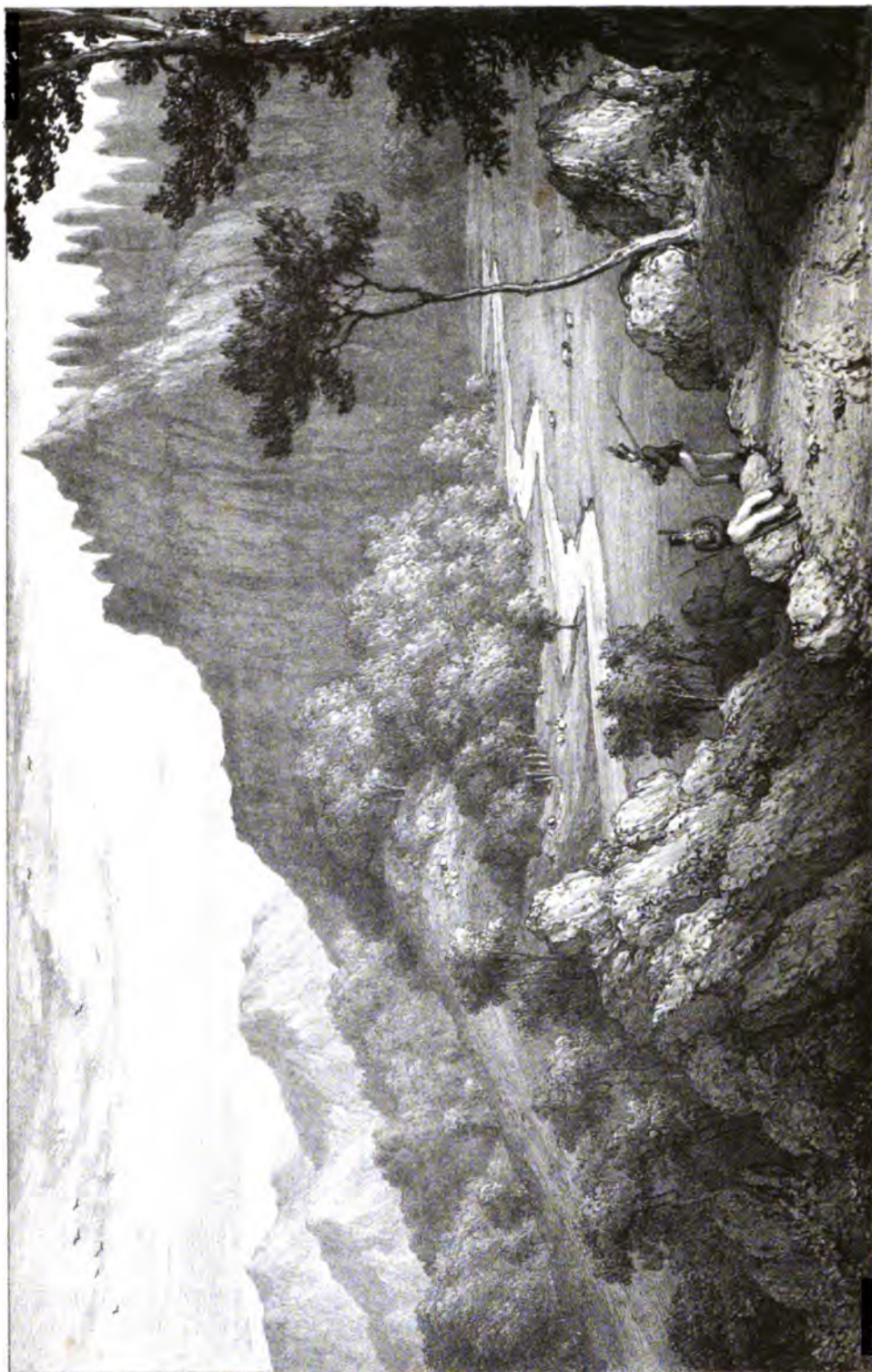
SPANISH SCENERY.

it was raised. The building is about twenty feet square, and near thirty feet high, standing at the edge of a small wood of pines, close to the high road which skirts the sea shore, commanding a fine view towards Tarragona, and beyond it, as far as Cape Salou. In front appear two mutilated figures, their heads wrapped in mantles, and their legs crossed. These are erected on pedestals, which rest on the basement. Above them, just under the entablature, is an inscription, of which I could read only the concluding words. In the upper compartment are the remains of two heads in relief, which scarce retain the human form. Many of the upper stones have fallen. The other sides have no sculpture. Our countryman, Swinburne, who saw it in 1775, gives nearly the whole inscription, as follows :

ORN..TE.EAQVE..L..O..VNVS..VER..BVSTVS..I..S..NEGL..
VI..VA..FL..BVS..SIBI.PERPETVO..REMAN....

The figures have been conjectured to be slaves lamenting the loss of their deceased masters, whose busts appear above. Among the fragments of antiquity preserved in the museum of Tarragona are a glass urn, a lachrymal, and a coin of Augustus Cæsar, which, with the bones of a child, were found in a stone coffin, dug up at the foot of this building. I had been told of its close resemblance to the tomb of Theron at Agrigentum, and having sketched that curious remnant of antiquity, a few months before, while making the tour of Sicily, I was struck with the similarity of the design, though this is far less ancient.

CATALUÑA



H. Marshall. A. R. A. Lithog.

London: J. G. & Co.

MONSERAT.

London. Pub. by Rodwell and Martin. New Bond. St. May 1. 1823.
Printed by C. Hollman.

SPANISH SCENERY.

MONSERRAT.

CATALUNYA.

THIS is one of the most remarkable places in Spain. At the time the annexed view was taken, the whole of that part of Cataluña was filled with French troops; and it was in a journey from Tarragona to Manresa, to hold a conference with the Baron de Eroles, that we were conducted across this singular range of mountains, in order to avoid the enemy's piquets. We had the escort of the late Major Peddie, then on the British staff, who has since sacrificed his life in exploring the noxious wilds of Africa.

We passed through the village of Esparagara, lying in a rich valley, by the side of one of the streams of the Llobregat, which waters all that fertile district. Steep mountains rose abruptly round this valley, clothed below with deep woods of ilex, and above with pines. Having chosen a mountain road, to escape observation, the way proved steep and rugged. We soon saw the numerous heads of Monserrat close above us, and distinguished some of its hermitages, perched betwixt huge masses of rock, which appeared as if suddenly cleft asunder, standing like obelisks involved in clouds. The shaggy sides of the base from which they arose were crowned with foliage of the most brilliant variety of colour. The whole range of Monserrat is calcareous,

SPANISH SCENERY.

—the name justly assimilates its outline to a *saw*. Its height above the sea exceeds 3000 feet, commanding a view of Majorca, distant 180 miles.

As a monastic institution, the fame of Monserrat is still better known than its picturesque beauty. It was one of the richest monasteries of the wealthy Benedictines, who suffered severely in the recent pillage of church property by the French. On its first foundation, 800 years ago, their possessions were limited to the mountain itself, but gradually extended over several adjacent villages, through the piety of their benefactors.—There are (or were) 80 monks: the hermits, in number about twelve, are not brethren of the order, though living under their protection and authority.—The convent stands considerably below the hermitage, on a spot cleared by great labour and expense to accommodate so large an edifice. The chapel was formerly one of the richest in Spain, possessing jewels, plate, and other costly gifts to an enormous amount: no less than 85 huge lamps of silver illuminated the shrine of our Lady of Monserrat. She is represented in this miraculous image as nearly *black*. Those who borrow their idea of the Virgin from the fair Madonnas of the Italian school would doubtless be shocked at her aspect; yet, judging from the complexion of the present natives of the Holy Land, we certainly consider the sculptor of Monserrat much nearer the truth.—In this convent Ignatius Loyola first made his vows, and from hence he borrowed those famous rules which, as founder of the Jesuits, he established for the spiritual guidance of that once powerful order.



Drawn on Stone by C. McDonald

From an Original Sketched by F. H. Lockton F. R. S.

SPANISH SCENERY.

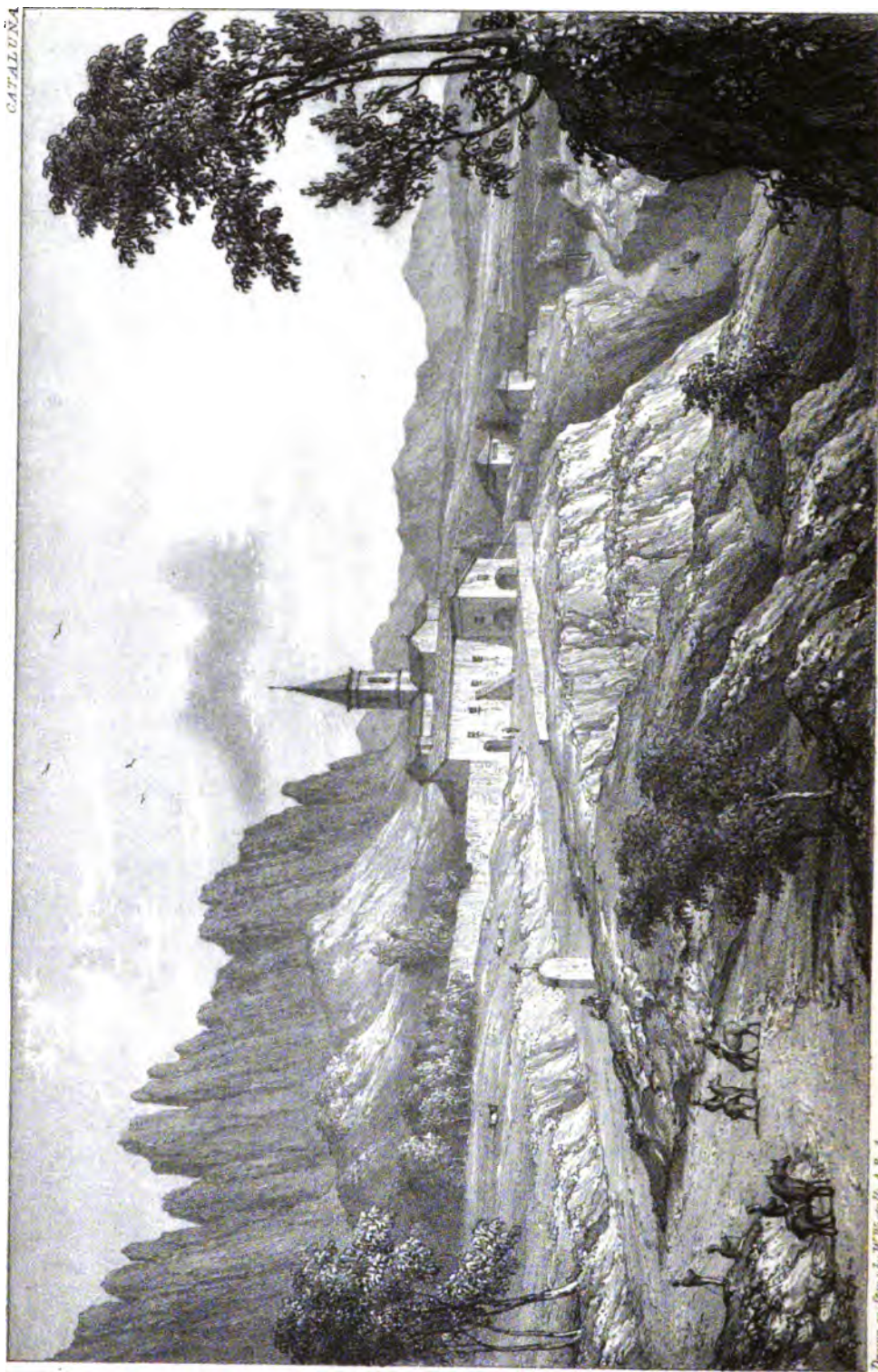
MANRESA.

CATALUÑA.

THE deplorable state of this once flourishing town is truly to be regretted. Nothing can equal the misery of its appearance, except the utter ruin of its inhabitants. They have suffered severely for the magnanimous exertions which they made to preserve their liberties in the year 1808; when the French, under General Duhesme, (who since expiated his crimes at Waterloo) were foiled in their first attempts to subdue the heroic spirit which pervaded this fine independent province. He sent a division of 4000 men under Schwartz to levy contributions, and to punish the citizens of Manresa for having publicly burned the decrees of Buonaparte issued from Bayonne. But the people rising with one heart and hand, resisted every effort to reduce them, and drove back their invaders with disgrace to Barcelona. The resources of the French empire far exceeded those of the unfortunate Catalans. The continual influx of fresh troops from the frontier supplied new resources to the invaders; column after column advanced through the Pyrenees, incited by the thirst for plunder, and eager to wipe away the reproach of their defeated comrades. This preponderating force at length gave them possession of all the principal fortresses and towns; and among them Manresa was made to atone for her fidelity to the patriot cause, being visited with a dreadful retri-

SPANISH SCENERY.

bution for all the righteous acts which her sons had committed in self-defence. The French set fire to the town, destroyed all the principal edifices, and plundered the inhabitants without remorse. Previous to the war, Manresa employed 600 looms, and had extensive manufactories of silks, calicoes, gunpowder, paper, and other sources of trade, which returned them large profits. A coal mine contiguous to the modern bridge afforded them great advantages. It had a castle and several convents, all of which experienced the vengeance of the enemy. The town is beautifully situated on the banks of the Llobregat, surrounded with lofty mountains, clothed with evergreen and other oak trees, among which that which yields the cork (*quercus suber*) is very abundant. It is barked every sixth or seventh year, by making longitudinal slits, and others transverse, in the outer coat, the young bark beneath gradually pushing off the cork in large tables, which are piled up for some time in the adjacent ponds, laden with stones to flatten them. The view from the heights extends to Cardona, celebrated for its wonderful mountain of salt, nearly 500 yards in height, and upwards of three miles in circumference. That side scarped towards the little river Cardonero is of a dazzling white. The mountain exhibits a variety of hues, though nearly the whole is pure salt. The people derive not a little profit from the sale of crosses, images, salt-sellers, &c. made from those parts of the rock most completely indurated. These are very transparent, and bear the appearance of alabaster, until exposure to damp proves the material to be deliquescent.



From an Original Sketch by J. J. Lacort, F.R.S.

B R U C K.

*London. Published by J. Murray, Albemarle St. May 17 1824.
Printed by C. Richardson.*

Drawn on Stone by W. Daniell, A.R.S.

SPANISH SCENERY.

BRUCH.

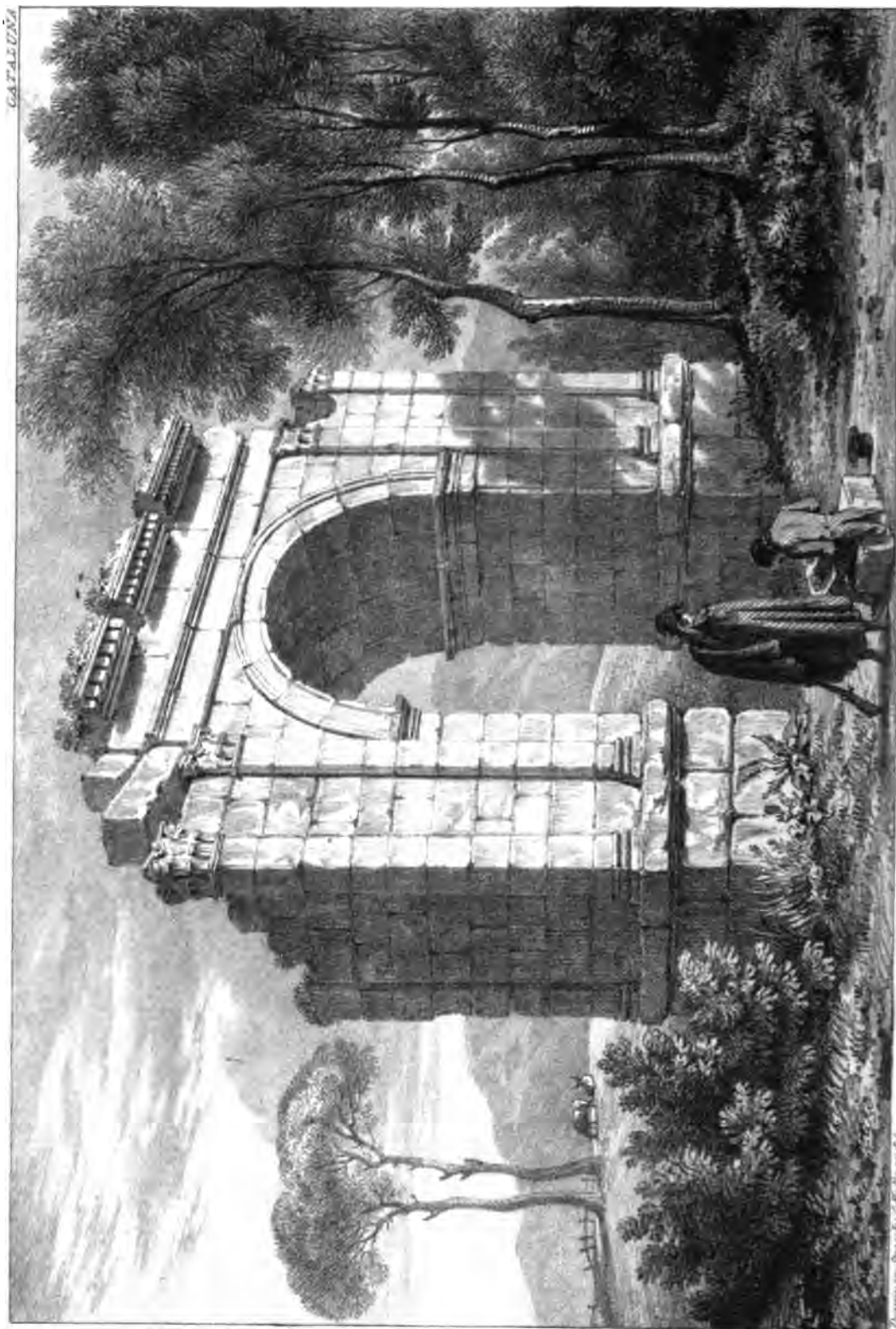
CATALUÑA.

THIS is a village of size too insignificant to find a place on the map of Spain; yet at the commencement of the contest between the Patriots and the French in this province, it gained considerable distinction from the events of that period. The Somatenes, or armed population of Manresa, determined to resist their oppression, were posted in the strong pass of Bruch to intercept the approach of General Schwartz, with a very commanding force. He was taken by surprise at this unexpected opposition; and his troops suffered so severely by the concealed fire of the patriots, that he hesitated to advance. Among the somatenes was a drummer-boy, who having served at Barcelona, had picked up some slight knowledge of military manœuvres. He took upon him the direction of his companions, acting by turns as commander and drummer, and by shifting his position, so imposed on Schwartz by the sound of his drum, that he believed reinforcements were actually marching against him. Thus deceived, the French determined to retreat; but as they passed through the village of Esparaguerra in the evening, the enraged peasants were prepared for them, and had heaped together in their street (almost a mile in length) such a quantity of furniture and other impediments,

SPANISH SCENERY.

that being assailed at the same time with stones and all sorts of missiles from the houses, they fled in disorder, leaving 400 dead behind them. This was the first successful effort of the patriots in Cataluña, and roused a general spirit of resistance which spread on all sides, and for a long time threatened the entire destruction of their invaders. A second attempt against Manresa was made soon after by General Chabran with no better success. The strength of the position at Bruch being now manifest, the Junta used all their means to improve its defences. Chabran, on reaching this fatal pass, experienced the mortification of his colleague, being driven from the attack with the loss of 450 of his best troops, and followed to the very gates of Barcelona by the exulting Catalans.

Bruch stands on an abrupt knoll, just below the heights of Monserrat, which rise behind the village. The situation is highly beautiful. The accompanying sketch was made while we halted to mount fresh horses, which had been sent to us by the Spanish General Sarsfield, from San Sadurni, on returning with Sir Benjamin Hallowell and Major Peddie from our interesting conference with the Baron de Eroles at Manresa. Our interview with that gallant nobleman, whom the Catalans then regarded as their leader, confirmed the opinion which I had previously formed of him at a council held on board the *Caledonia*, where the abandonment of the siege of Tarragona was discussed, a subject which called forth the warmest expressions of devotion for his ill-fated country.



From the engraving, taken by J. H. Green, 1813

THE ARCH OF TRAJAN IN SEGURA.

Engraved from a drawing by J. H. Green, 1813

SPANISH SCENERY.

PORTAL DE BARRA.

CATALUÑA.

Our little expedition to Manresa afforded us infinite pleasure, and much valuable information respecting the political state of Cataluña; for the Baron de Eroles possessed the most accurate intelligence of all the enemy's movements. We returned to pass the night at Villa Franca, where General Clinton entertained us very hospitably. This town is said to have been founded by Hamilcar Barcas, being the first Carthaginian colony established in Spain. It suffered many subsequent vicissitudes in the hands of the Romans and the Moors, and was at length rebuilt, repopled, and renamed by Raymond Borrel in the year 1000, and endowed with great privileges. It forms the capital of the Panadez, a district of an hundred villages; and has a civil governor, and other municipal officers. From thence to Arbos we found the country a perfect garden. We made a short halt to enjoy the splendid view which is to be seen from the church tower, and came next to Vendrells, a town of some consequence. Part of the Roman walls still exist, and there are some curious ancient fragments scattered about the place. Here I parted with Admiral Hallowell, and proceeded forward to make a sketch of the Portal de Barra (shown in the annexed plate), a beautiful relique of antiquity. This edifice is situated not far from the Venta de la Figa-

SPANISH SCENERY.

reta, on a level space about a mile from the sea, the road from Barcelona passing beneath its arch. It stood for many centuries at a considerable distance from the highway; but on forming a new *camino-real* some years since, the engineers, with very good taste, restored the more classic route. Some have supposed that it once formed the boundary of the Campus Tarraconensis, but its real destination cannot now be determined with any certainty. The building consists of an arch of elegant proportion, with two fluted Corinthian pilasters on either side, the capitals gracefully designed and delicately finished: these support a handsome entablature, bearing the following inscription, which has been preserved by Flores, though now only the first words can be distinguished:

EX. TESTAMENTO . L . LICINII . L . F . SERGII . SVRAE . CONSECRATVM.

This Licinius, by whose will the monument was erected, was thrice consul under the Emperor Trajan. The front towards the sea being much injured, Don Vincente Roig, a worthy sculptor of Tarragona, unluckily took a fancy to repair it some years ago, and sadly profaned the purity of the original. The other front, though a little decayed, still preserves its chaste antiquity. As the Royal Academy of Tarragona once threatened to complete the mischief begun by Don Vincente, we have only to hope that, not their present poverty, but their better taste in more prosperous times, will induce them to forbear from all further attempts to restore it.



Drawn on Stone by H. Westall. A.R.A.

PLAZA DE SAN ANTONIO, CADIZ.

London. Pub'd by J. Murray, St. Paul's Church-Yard 1784

From an Original Sketch by F.H. Lindner F.R.S.

Printed by C. Hullmandel

SPANISH SCENERY.

PLAZA DE SAN ANTONIO.

CADIZ.

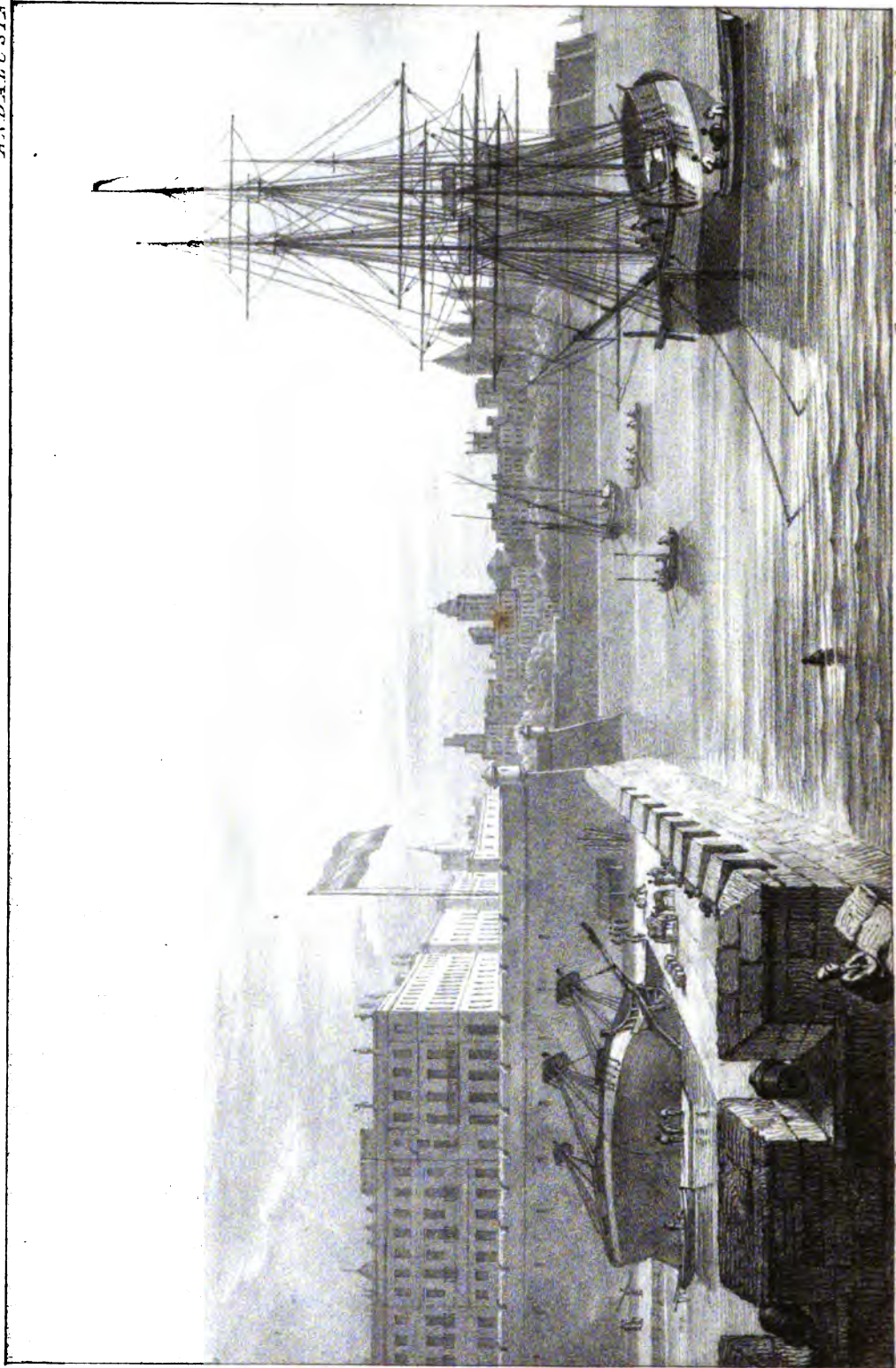
A RESIDENCE of some days under the hospitable roof of Mr. Duff, our venerable consul, afforded us leisure to look round this fine city; and we had the advantage of meeting some of the principal inhabitants at the house of Sir Henry Wellesley, the British ambassador. Cadiz had become the retreat of many of the first families in Spain, who, after the surrender of Seville, sought shelter here from the rapacity of the French troops. The population, usually 70,000, was at this time nearly doubled, and consequently much crowded. Most of the streets are narrow and gloomy, except the Calle Ancha, which opens from the Plaza de San Antonio, as shown in the annexed drawing, having the church of San Juan on the right. Here is the rendezvous of all the idlers, who stroll about in tawdry regimentals or long cloaks, and cluster round the door of every coffee-house. The old cathedral contains some valuable pictures. The more modern one, begun in 1722, but never completed, stands on the sea-shore, a monument of bad taste and wasteful expenditure. The *Miradores* erected on the tops of the houses command a splendid panorama, and form a peculiar feature in the general aspect of the city. The best houses are built after the Moorish fashion, with a court called the *Patio*, having a small fountain in the centre. This, when covered with

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an awning, and lighted with lamps, assumes in the evening a very gay appearance: here the lady of the house often holds her *Tertulla*; and such is the charming vivacity of the Andalusian ladies, that an English assembly in comparison is a very dull affair. The Spanish women of all ranks have a gracefulness of carriage and gesture very striking to a foreigner, and those who have had the advantages of a superior education show a refinement and sensibility in their conversation which proves them worthy of a better fate.

While at Cadiz I did not neglect to attend the sittings of the Cortes. They assembled in a large and handsome apartment, at the head of which was placed the portrait of Ferdinand (then highly popular) beneath a canopy, guarded by two sentinels. The Cardinal de Bourbon, Archbishop of Toledo, presided. The members spoke from their seats, and sometimes read papers from a tribune. The rapid delivery of the speakers was very striking, and yet there was so little of the business of debate, that I saw but a faint resemblance to our House of Commons. Half the deputies were ecclesiastics.

Cadiz is subject to two great inconveniences. The first is, all the wells are brackish, and the inhabitants are obliged to obtain water for the table from Port St. Mary. The second is, the Solano wind from the coast of Africa, which produces such a ferment in the blood of Andalusians, that murders and all sorts of excesses are committed while it prevails, inso-much that prudent people stay within doors till it has expended its malignity.



From an Original Sketch by F. H. Locker F.R.S.

CADIZ, THE CITY OF THE CADEZAS, C. A. D. 112.
London, Printed & Sold by J. B. Groom, at the Theatre, No. 11, May 1814.

Drawn on Stone by J. H. Blandin.

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CUSTOM HOUSE, CADIZ.

ANDALUSIA.

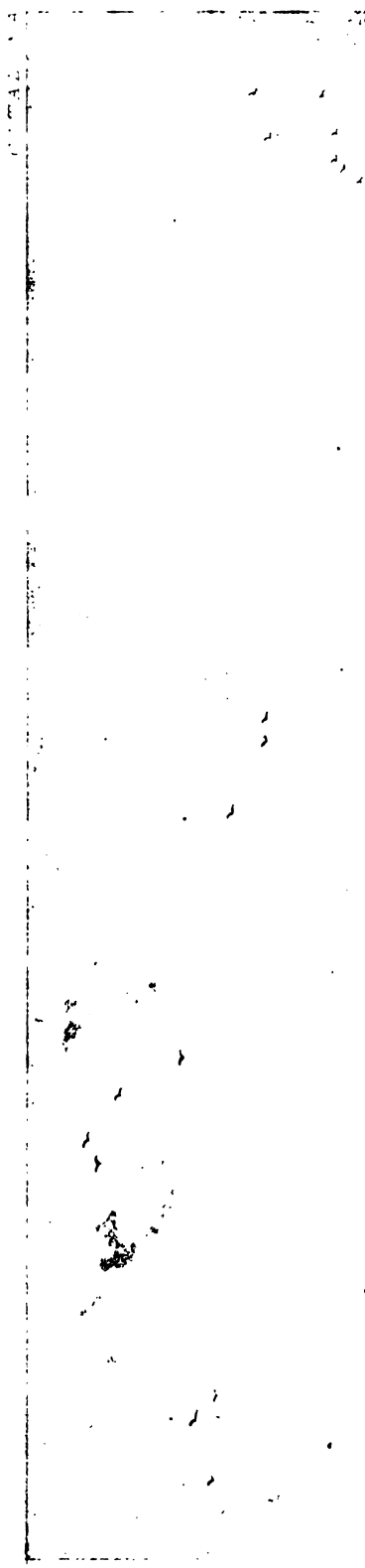
No one can land on a foreign coast without strong feelings of excitement. Released from the confinement of a ship, and curious to look upon a scene of novelty, he eagerly leaps on shore, where a thousand objects are ready to engage his attention. Such were my sensations on landing at Cadiz, in 1811, at a period of unusual interest. The whole kingdom of Spain was then overrun by the armies of Buonaparte.—The king was betrayed into captivity at Valençay.—The Council of Regency, driven from the capital, had made this the seat of their government; and here was the Cortes at this time assembled. Every thing bore the appearance of bustle and importance. The harbour was filled with shipping, which lay under the protection of the batteries, and still more effectually secured by the presence of a British squadron. The scene was highly animated, extending along the shores of the beautiful bay to Port St. Mary, Santa Catalina, and Rota; and up the harbour to Puerto Real and La Caraca, the principal depôt of the Spanish navy. This noble arsenal is of great extent, containing three basins, and twelve docks, with every other accommodation for the equipment of a large fleet.

Cadiz is situated at the extremity of the Isla de Leon, the little river of Santi Petri, and an ancient navigable canal, intersecting this portion of An-

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dalusia. It has a majestic appearance from the sea, standing on an elevated promontory, not more than a mile and a half in area, connected by a narrow neck of land with the Isla. The buildings are of a dazzling whiteness, and rise above each other in a bold outline, the Cathedral, Hospicio, and Tower of Signals, being the most distinguished. Towards the sea it is defended by the fort of San Sebastian, on which is erected the light-house. The custom-house, shown in the annexed view, stands in another bastion. The entrance to the harbour is protected by the forts of Matagorda and San Lorenzo (the two Puntales) on either side the passage. The fortifications, though deemed impregnable, were taken by storm, in the year 1596, by the gallant Earl of Essex, who, leading the assault, threw his colours over the wall, and having carried the place, still more distinguished himself by his endeavours to save the inhabitants from the fury of his troops.

At the period of my arrival the blockade of Cadiz had continued nearly two years, although very imperfectly maintained by the French; for they never ventured beyond their own intrenchments, being held in check by the allied troops which occupied the Isla de San Leon. From Fort Luis, at the entrance of the Trocadero, the French bombarded the city with nine 14-inch mortars, and six enormous howitzers of peculiar construction. From these they threw shells (half filled with lead) across the harbour, a distance of four English miles; but with little mischief. One of them, presented by the Cortes, may now be seen in St. James's Park.



From the Original Sketch by A. L. L. L. L.

BARCELONA.

London Pub. by Routledge and Martin, New Bond St. Aug. 1. 1851.
Printed by Chalmers.

Drawn on Stone by W. Mortall A.R.A.

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BARCELONA.

CATALUNA.

THIS fine city, and its lovely environs, laid out in gardens, and studded with country houses, makes a fine appearance from the sea: a noble range of blue mountains extends behind, and the strong fortress of Monjuic, which rises on the left hand, commands the whole city. The sight of this place reminded me of the heroic conduct of Lord Peterborough, who carried it by assault in 1705.

On landing at the pier, we found the captain of the port surrounded by a crowd of people with flags and streamers, busy in laying the first stone of a new work to enlarge the harbour. My first visit was to the governor, who resides in an ancient Moorish building of picturesque appearance. By him I was referred to General Castaños, captain general of the province, from whom I received a passport to the French frontier. He occupies the palace near the port, contiguous to which are the exchange, and the custom-house, both recently erected, and scarce yet finished. The former is superior in design, though less splendid, than the latter, which is faced with marble: the upper floor is occupied by schools of philosophy and belles lettres; sculpture and painting.

The Calle Ancha where we were lodged little deserves its name of *Broad street*. Indeed all the streets are so narrow, that one is glad to take refuge

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in a shop on meeting a cart, and the police requires all carriages to move at a foot-pace. As the houses are generally large and lofty, breadth is only wanting to render the streets handsome, and this is a great sacrifice to that love of shade so grateful to a Spaniard. Most of the churches are Gothic; among these the cathedral is much distinguished. Its massive columns, of great height, give a confined air to the nave and aisles. Behind the quire a flight of steps descends into an elegant chapel, where I found enshrined the reliques of Santa Eulalia, patroness of Barcelona. The ashes of Raymond Berenger and his wife Petronilla, heiress of the kingdom of Aragon, are preserved in coffers of wood at the door of the Vestibario. I saw no remarkable pictures: probably the best had been carried off by the French. The inhabitants, just released from their oppression, are much impoverished; but trade, so long stagnant, is already reviving.

The population within the walls does not exceed 50,000. Barcelonetta and the other suburbs contain an equal number. There are two public walks, one called the Rambla (gravel pits), and another on the western side of the city, 700 yards in extent: these are thronged, especially on festivals. The theatre is large and handsome. An Italian opera and a Spanish play are presented on alternate nights; this is followed by the Syanete, and the scene drops at nine o'clock: —we had a full house on the arrival of Naldi, a new prima Donna. The whole was well performed.

At.



